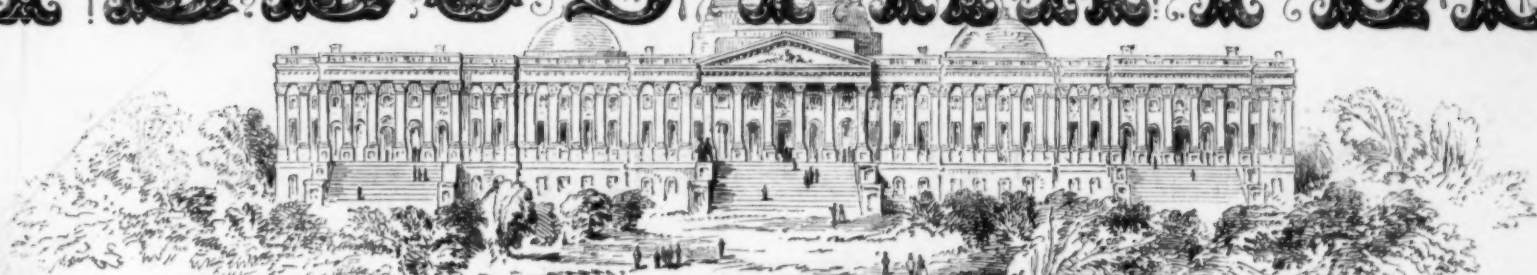


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS]

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THE DISASTER TO THE NORTH STAR—DISTRIBUTING PROVISIONS—THE LINE OF PASSENGERS HEADED BY THE LADIES.—SEE PAGE 9.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Next week we shall commence one of the most interesting tales that has ever been published in this paper. Now is the time to subscribe, in order to commence with the new volume and the N Tale.



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THE WIFE'S SECRET,
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COURSE OF LECTURES.
THE Corporators of KANE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION take pleasure in announcing that they have perfected all necessary arrangements for the delivery of a Course of Lectures in this city, commencing early in November, and continuing weekly until the same are finished.
The Course will embrace TEN LECTURES.
The opening address will be delivered by Hon. N. P. BAKER, at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Nov. 26th, previous to which Dr. JOHN W. FRANKLIN, M.D., L.L.D., will give a brief history of the Kane Monument Association.
The services of the following distinguished Lecturers have been engaged:
PROF. O. M. MICHILL,
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
REV. E. H. CHAPIN,
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1859

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

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OFFICE, 15 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

The Topics of the Week.

New York Politics.—The great contest will soon begin, the chief parties having chosen their standard bearers. The Democratic party has followed its lately adopted policy of fighting among themselves—a policy so fatal that nothing but the latent vitality of the principle it once represented could save it. We are, however, afraid that nothing now but the hollow shell remains, the living animal having gone elsewhere. The Mozart Hall Democrats have chosen Fernando Wood, a man of singular ability, reckless ambition, and, as a politician, thoroughly unscrupulous. The Tammany Democrats have chosen Mr. Havemeyer, who has been already, like his great rival, twice Mayor of New York. With the exception of James T. Brady, he is undoubtedly the most powerful opponent Fernando Wood could run against. The Republican party has chosen George Opdyke to represent them, while the People's Candidates is Eimon Draper, a man of wealth, influence, and great experience; but Eimon labors under the great disadvantage of being a hackneyed wirepuller. These are the men now before the public nominally, but the real contest is between Wood and Havemeyer.

Public Corruption.—The last two days have again exposed the rottenness of our public men. Major French, the disbursing agent for the Treasury extension buildings, is charged with being a defaulter to a large amount. Mr. Westcott, the late Postmaster of Philadelphia, has also been charged with being a defaulter for about \$20,000—a mere bagatelle. It is not too much to say that this looseness of ideas about cash is almost now a recognized part of our national system. We were told the other day that a public officer of Washington actually paid \$22,000 towards the election expenses of Mr. Buchanan, and that he furnished the house of one of the most prominent of his friends—we were about to add, a Cabinet Minister. We shall have something more to say about this when the proper time comes.

Harper's Ferry Invasion.—The excitement continues, and doubtless will till the execution of the conspirators. It is very easy to be sarcastic on the chivalry of the South, and nickname it the slavery, but when a man lives in the midst of gunpowder, mischievous urchins should not be allowed to play with fire. It is much to be regretted that any man can be found base enough to send bogus telegraphic dispatches to create an imaginary alarm. Such men are almost as bad as Brown and his deluded followers.

Parson Cheever's Female Booraboloo, Miss Johnstone.—Parson Cheever may be a very good preacher and a very pious man, as times now go, but we really think he might have found for his fair friend, Miss Johnstone, some more dignified occupation than begging contributions from John Bull to emancipate the niggers. The opinion in England will be that the whole operation is a swindle, and that that most respectable, wealthy and religious crowd, the frequenters of the Church of the Puritans in Union square, intend to spend the entire amount upon a champagne and oyster supper, to commemorate the gullibility of John Bull. We are not at all surprised that the more sensitive of the Cheeverites have had a meeting to denounce the whole proceeding.

Washington Correspondents.—The special despatches which are palmed off every day, narrating the most conflicting statements, are really becoming an almost unbearable joke. Much as we admire the occasional burlesques of Brougham, he never, with all his talent, rises into the sublimity of the daily papers. The *Harold* announces that a Cabinet Council has been held, when it was decided to take possession of all Northern Mexico, in consequence of the burning of Brownsville and the murder of a hundred American citizens. Thereupon the *Daily Times* mourns over the accession of more slave Territory, and, like a Yankee Jeremiah, sings the desolation of America. Next day the *World* says that Brownsville is not burnt, and not a citizen murdered. This "dog-eat-dog" renders our telegraphic despatches of little value. In fact, honesty seems to pervade the whole machinery. Only last week two

persons went to the Ulice Lenois Asylum, and by a fraudulent use of one name obtained an entrance to the building. The proprietor, however, having a suspicion, refused to allow them to see Gerrit Smith. Yet, despite all this, a New York weekly has a pretended sketch of the unhappy philanthropist lying in his bed in the room they were not allowed to visit.

Latest European Intelligence.—The news by the Circassian is up to the 12th, and throws little light upon the vexed surface of Italian politics. Among the rumors of the day is that Russia and Prussia have declared that they will enter no Congress in which the treaties of 1815 are to be discussed, or which England does not participate in. The Prince and Princess Frederick William are in England on a visit to Queen Victoria. Spain has promised England not to retain any conquests on the African side, the moment after Morocco consents to peace. The cholera is raging in the French army. Sir G. C. Lewis, a Cabinet Minister, had declared at the Lord Mayor's dinner, that England would enter no Congress on Italian affairs in which the right of the Italians to govern themselves was not previously assumed as a postulate. The *Times* in an editorial had declared that the great Eastern had not sufficient propelling power. It is said that Napoleon's letter to Victor Emmanuel has given equal annoyance to both the Sardinian and Austrian Courts. Victor Emmanuel has said in reply, that however anxious he may be to propitiate his august ally, he is compelled at the same time to consult the wishes of his people. He has, however, refused his permission to Prince Carigna to accept the Presidency of Central Italy.

Steam, Snow and Ice-Transit.

THE application of steam to the propelling of locomotive engines designed for moving carriages of all kinds on runners upon the snow and ice roads of the world, marks a distinct era in the material progress which is so marvellous a feature of the present century. More than twenty-five thousand miles of river and other inland waters on this continent, and more than twice this amount on the Eastern, are frozen from three to six months of every year. More than one-half of this vast line of ice-road is passed over in the summer time by steamboats and other craft, carrying hundreds of thousands of passengers, and earning millions of dollars by the transhipment of freight from one point to another. Hundreds of cities and villages along these routes are comparatively isolated during the winter season, from the want of cheap, certain, rapid and adequate means of communication. Business of all kinds is almost entirely arrested, and vast amounts of money consumed in storage, waste and other drawbacks incident to these unavoidable delays in the regular order of business operations. Over many sections, the winter time exerts the most prejudicial influences. No means other than that of horses, dogs or men have hitherto been found, even for the transportation of the mails. Millions of acres of valuable land and immense tracts covered with timber continue undeveloped and unsettled from this cause. Up to the present time no attempts have been made to introduce steam carriages upon this broad, unoccupied field. The first practical application of steam to carriages moving on runners is about to be made on the Mississippi River, between Prairie du Chien and St. Paul's, by Mr. Norman Wiard, the inventor and patentee of a series of novel, ingenious and effective mechanical devices, which perfect the means necessary to a complete system of winter transit, either on snow or ice-roads. The importance of this enterprise can hardly be estimated, as it assumes proportions kindred to the steamboat and rail car. We give herewith several spirited illustrations of one of Mr. Wiard's Steam Passenger Cars, forty-eight feet long, designed to carry fifty passengers; a complete working model of which, four feet long, made to a scale by H. Shalbaum, 300 Broadway, under the personal supervision of Mr. Wiard, was exhibited at the thirty-first Annual Fair of the American Institute, where it commanded universal attention, and from its elegance of design, and remarkably perfect arrangement and workmanship, carried conviction, not only to the visitors but also to the minds of the astute and intelligent committee of jurors on Miscellaneous Inventions, composed of Messrs. Benjamin Garvey, editor of the *Practical Machinist*; Thomas P. How, editor of the *Patent Department of Life Illustrated*, and H. L. Stuart, one of the most active members of the American Institute, that the Steam Ice-car was an unquestionable success, as is shown by their report, which we append, as follows:

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, 1859.—SPECIAL REPORT.

The Committee on Miscellaneous Inventions, to whom was referred a working model of Norman Wiard's Steam Ice Car, after having made a careful examination, would respectfully report,

That this invention involves the development of an immense and entirely unoccupied field of enterprise, being, as it is, a new form of locomotive engine adapted to propelling, by means of a single driving wheel, carriages moving on runners, whether upon snow or ice roads. The remarkable completeness of all the details of this invention, as illustrated in the beautiful working model exhibited at the Fair, indicates an intelligent inventive capacity and originality on the part of Mr. Wiard deserving of every recognition and mark of respect from the American Institute. The steam ice car and locomotive take rank with the application of steam to the propelling of vessels in water and carriages on railroads, and will doubtless lead to an entire change in the methods of transit on nearly all the great winter routes. More than thirty thousand miles of ice-road, over more than one-half of which steamboats pass in the summer months, exist on this Continent, and are ready for use from three to six months in the year, and about twice that amount on the Eastern Continent. On one single route on the Missouri river, on which steamboats have been run during the past summer, a passage has been found involving but six hundred and fifty miles of land travel between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Ocean. The steam ice carriage can readily pass over this important route, for from four to five months in the year, following the channel of the river nearly a hundred miles beyond steamboat navigation, when the former vehicle could be changed to the steam overland stage, which forms one of the modifications of Mr. Wiard's invention. He has also light steam cutters for two persons, and pleasure and travelling carriages for from six to twenty passengers, in addition to his fifty passenger car for the long routes. The simplicity and ingenuity of his various devices for overcoming all imaginable difficulties promptly and efficiently, seem to place this important addition to hitherto existing applications of steam as beyond the realm of experiment—an established-working fact, entitled to the highest award of the American Institute, whose fostering hand should always be foremost to recognize and encourage genuine merit. Nothing less, in the opinion of your Committee, than the large gold medal of the Institute, or its equivalent in the form of a written statement, should be thought of in connection with this useful and important invention.

BENJAMIN GARVEY,
THOMAS P. HOW,
H. L. STUART,
Committee.

Harper's Ferry Invasion.

As the time draws near for the execution of Brown and his confederates, the excitement very naturally increases, and Governor Wise has taken every measure for the public security. A large military force is now concentrated in Charlestown, not alone to keep order, but to render the ceremony as imposing as possible. With regard to the observations made by some of the ultra journals as to the unnecessary alarm exhibited by the inhabitants of the adjacent towns, we have merely to refer to the proceedings of the Empire City in 1745, when a report was circulated by two designing persons, that a similar rising would be attempted

in New York; the excitement and alarm infinitely exceeded what now exhibited in the Old Dominion, and without the same reason, since the apprehended outbreak then was the mere invention of the brain. We sincerely trust this will be the last time that the dignity of the law shall require a similar vindication.

The Nova Scotia Telegraph.

THE shameless manner in which the Directors of the Nova Scotia Telegraph have kept back the European news has, for some months, aroused the indignation of the community.

When this was a matter of mere dollars and cents we refrained from comment, although we felt that an universal good was converted, by the baseness of speculators, into a gambling machine, thus giving up to mammon what was meant for mankind.

Month after month a few unprincipled men, chiefly foreigners, have, after announcing the arrival of the steamers, embezzled the news for several hours, which time they have employed in defrauding the unwary by stock operations.

These outrages upon the rights of the public have been treated by the Press with singular forbearance, for, with the honorable exception of the *Sun*, we are not aware that any rebuke has been administered to the perpetrators. We think, however, that their last crowning outrage will compel some public notice, for it displays a callousness to all human feeling truly revolting. The daily papers state that a steamer, supposed to be the Delta, is seen in great distress. The next morning the telegraph announces that the Indian has gone to pieces, and that two boats are lost and three men drowned. As she was known to be crowded with passengers there were many anxious about their friends, but the directors of this telegraphic line coolly closed their office, leaving the public in suspense.

If ever popular indignation had an excuse for tearing down the wires it has been given by the managers of a line which for several months has made the greatest invention of modern times a machine for stockjobbing, and which now shows its indifference to every human feeling, by announcing a great calamity, and then refusing to alleviate the anguish of thousands by communicating the particulars. Further comment is needless.

The Colchester Bank.

THE result of the late examination and charges against Warren Leland, Esq., in the Colchester Bank case, is exactly what we predicted. It has resulted in the honorable acquittal of that gentleman, and the complete exposure of the conspiracy and conspirators connected with it. We have no doubt that Mr. Leland's friends will agree with us in hoping that hereafter Mr. Leland will keep at a proper distance of all sharks, whether of the land or the sea. We subjoin a report of the proceedings:

COLCHESTER, Conn., Nov. 21, 1859.

The examination of Mr. Warren Leland, of your city, on charges of passing false tokens to and defrauding the Colchester Bank, came off here this afternoon, before Justice Morgan, and resulted in the acquittal of the accused. Mr. Leland was in attendance, accompanied by his brother and his counsel, Messrs. Wells and Strong, of Hartford. The prosecution was only represented by Mr. Halsey, of Norwich.

Court was opened in the Town Hall basement by Justice Morgan, at about half-past one o'clock, P. M. Some twenty or thirty persons were present, mostly parties interested in the case or sufferers by the Colchester Bank failure. Mr. Dewell, the late President of the bank, was of the party.

Justice Morgan laid the papers of the case on the table, around which counsel had gathered, and announced that he was ready for business.

Mr. Halsey then rose and said:—May it please your Honor, I appear here to-day merely to explain the situation in which the prosecution is placed. I had been the intention of my associates, Mr. Starkweather and Mr. Waite, to appear here with me, but the former has been detained by a case he has in the Supreme Court, and the latter by indisposition. Yet we understood that it was not necessary for us to come here in anticipation of any trial of this case. Our main reliance was upon the testimony of Mr. Samuel F. Jones, the principal witness, your honor, will remember, in the former trial, before Justice Lamb; and we knew that Mr. Jones could, if he chose, decline to appear as a witness, and there would be an end of the matter. Mr. Jones has chosen to take that course. He was in Norwich on Sunday last, and was then summoned to appear here to-day, and he signified to us distinctly that he would not probably be here. The case therefore stands before the court without any evidence on which we could go forward or claim to hold Mr. Leland for trial. The matter is therefore in the hands of the Court, either for *no* *pro* by the Grand Jury or dismissal by the Court.

Judge Wells, counsel for Mr. Leland, said:—We have no choice as to the mode in which the case is disposed of. We think Mr. Jones, as a sensible man, has come to the right conclusion, and everybody will think so that heard his testimony on the former trial. He has taken a prudent course at last; it is only unfortunate that he ever pursued any other. It is not material as to the manner in which the matter shall be disposed of. But—to Mr. Halsey—how about that third count?

Mr. Halsey, (laughing)—Oh! that new count; I have not troubled myself much about it.

Justice Morgan—I do not see, then, but the case is ended.

Judge Wells—And your honor will enter on the record an order that the case is dismissed and the bail discharged in both cases.

Justice Morgan—I will take that course.

Judge Wells—And there is nothing before your Honor against Mr. Leland.

Justice Morgan—I don't see as there is.

Mr. Leland and his friends then left the court, and after a good dinner at the Kenney House, returned to Hartford.

Mr. Leland's counsel was prepared to prove by the affidavit of Mr. Stephen B. Lushington, of the firm of Siddle & Cushing of New York, and other evidence, that Samuel F. Jones paid into the concern of Jones & Wilcox, between May 28, 1856, and Sept. 10, 1857, in cash, the handsome sum of \$37,813 18. This was during the time the Colchester Bank was in operation, and it will be remembered that on the former trial Mr. Jones testified that he had himself only six or seven thousand dollars capital to put into that concern. These payments were made, as shown by Jones and Wilcox's books in every month during the period named, from two to half dozen instalments per month, and in sums ranging from \$200 to \$5,000 at a time. It is said that it was fear of this disclosure, and perhaps of others more serious in their nature, and also of the indignation of his former personal and political friends, who think he has wronged and betrayed them, that induced Mr. Jones to absent himself to-day.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

"Wild geese are constantly wending their way Southward. They fly very low, and make a tremendous noise."

We find the above among the sporting items of a Southern cotemporary. Is any covert political allusion intended?

On the 1st of November, the Rev. Mr. Waddell, of Girvan, Scotland, read from his own pulpit a poetical tragedy, of which he is the author, entitled "King Saul," illustrating the power of madness, superstition and jealousy combined. It is a five-act tragedy, adhering throughout to the narrative as it appears in Holy Writ. Considering the number of comedies and farces to which some of the "sensational preachers" have of late years treated their auditors, Mr. Waddell may be said to have rather fallen back to an orthodox tone than advanced towards extravagance.

Why is so much said of the anti-pellor panic in Virginia, and so little of that in Pennsylvania? Within a few days a New Yorker was arrested in Pittsburgh for selling goods by the sample, and the appearance of such dealers in Market street, Philadelphia, is always the signal for a terrible excitement.

Our exchanges have given us within a day or two details of only seven elopements. As such items are generally read with interest, would it not be advisable to publish them altogether? Births, deaths, marriages and elopements! Thus we might have—"Run away on Tuesday, Mr. Dash with Miss Blash, daughter of Simon Blash, Esq., all of this city!"

"Page's Venus is drawing in Boston." Why does not some enterprising artist draw a picture of Adonis and call it Venus's Page? It is a poor rule which will not work both ways, as the schoolboy remarked when he flung the rule back at his master's head.

A Mechanic in Illinois has invented a new patent cow-catcher. Perhaps it will sell well in Charlestown, Va. They chase cows there with great spirit; witness the panic of November 22d, of which we may say in the words of the unfortunate André:

"The cow may rue which is unborn
The hunting of that day."

The objections of the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, to deliver a Thanksgiving sermon, were, to say the least, forcible and peculiar. He had his reasons:

"Not that he disliked the idea of filling one day full of thankfulness to God—the whole three hundred and sixty-five days should be thankfulness—but he did not consider a sermon the best preparation for a feast. People endure the infliction for the sake of the turkey at its close. Then my experience has been (continued the speaker), that preachers use this day as a safety valve to give escapement to notions about politics and governmental matters of which they generally know very little. They say bitter things and foreign things which they dare not utter on the Sabbath. I have no occasion for the day on this account, for I generally express at any service all I desire to, unminced. Thanksgiving sermons are generally apices of discord thrown into the enjoyment, and the people, after the services, assemble in families and small cliques to wrangle over them, and thanksgiving to God ends in a quarrel between men. Let praise and joy and happiness abound (he continued); let it be a day of joyous, festive thankfulness to the good Giver of all delights."

If protesting in plain terms against anything makes a Protestant, Mr. Bartlett has a remarkably sound claim to the title.

"The people of Cape Ann have been startled by the appearance in their midst of a strange creature, only in dress resembling a woman, who wanders about evidently in search of somebody. She stares curiously in the faces of those she meets, without uttering a word, comes and goes mysteriously, and no one has yet had the courage to address her, although her manners do not indicate evil design."

We presume that it is the young widow in distressed circumstances who is "desirous of borrowing fifty dollars from an elderly gentleman," whose advertisement we have so often seen in the papers. But why is she wandering like a ghost among her Cape Ann sisters?

"Mr. Lutz, in a recent trial in this city, testified that the profits of the play of 'Our American Cousin,' which was performed about 160 nights, amounted to over \$40,000."

It must be agreeable to have such a cousin—not that a benevolent uncle of the same species would be in the least objectionable.

The Herald lately has been singing a very strange tune; it is that it matters not who is our next Mayor. What a pity Fernando Wood takes so much trouble about a matter of no consequence. In the Herald of Wednesday we find an earnest demand upon the people to be very careful as to whom they choose for Aldermen, Councilmen and (we suppose) Pound-keepers; but that it is not worth a moment's consideration as to who is our Mayor—since the Albany Regency have reduced our Mayors to mere cyphers! Under these circumstances, the best way would be to scratch the Mayor from the ticket altogether.

Osawatimic Brown has been criticizing Beecher's sermon on him, and hit him a few quiet blows, which ought to make their mark on the great orator. There is, however, a malice press which, we think, takes them out of the Christian category. The advising Beecher to preach a few Plymouth Church sermons in Charlestown is only a roundabout way of asking him to go and be hanged, or tarred and feathered, or any other agreeable Virginian compliment for differing in opinion. It is like Greeley begging Colonel Forbes to let him know when any fighting was to be done. He wished to know merely to get out of the way, as Baron de Boots when he sees his tailor coming one way dodges another.

A Correspondent sends us the following on the Gerrit Smith and John Brown emule. Had there been a Jones in the insurrection the case would have been desperate:

I marvel not that Southern towns
Were frightened by the Smiths and Browns;
It was a very desperate case—
The Smiths and Browns are half the human race.

The Daily News has lately assumed the mantle of prophecy. If Louis Napoleon writes a letter to Victor Emmanuel, it cries, "Didn't I tell you so?" Should Lord Palmerston have a fit of the goat, it has all been pre-arranged by the Solomon of the News! It is a pity he did not manage to send his prophetic eye in the direction of the Eighth Ward a month ago. We want to know are we to have a Mayor, or Wood?

A Correspondent, "Cooper Institute," inquires "Whether there be any original pictures by Angelica Kauffman, R. A., in the city." He says "he desires one or more of them as models for his pupils." We have no knowledge of original pictures of this accomplished but ill-starred lady artist. There are many tolerable copies palmed off by the picture dealers of Nassau street, to whom we shall shortly pay attention. Many of her principal works are in Ireland, but most of them are whole length portraits. The family of the Earl of Ely is her chief work; it contains the portraits of the celebrated Miss Monroe, a relative of President Monroe, and Mrs. Richardson. She etched her first plate in Dublin, at the hospitable mansion of the Hon. Mr. Tindal, then Attorney General, at whose house she was generously entertained. She exercised her talent with so much skill and success as to secure the respect and patronage of the nobility. Mr. John Nicholson, of this city, a connoisseur in pictures, may probably have an original painting by this highly gifted lady.

Personal.

must be a source of infinite regret to the numerous friends of Hawley D. Clapp, Esq., to learn that in consequence of declining health he has been compelled to retire from the proprietorship of the Evening House. We trust that a sojourn in the warmer climes of the orange South may restore him to his former self. Mr. Britton, late of the Stanwix Hall, Albany, has purchased Mr. Clapp's interest, and will conduct the house in that elegant style which has won for him the sobriquet of "Great Britton."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD has received a very severe rebuke in the shape of a letter from a Southern matron, in which she likens the Quaker poetess to Titania, her bully Bottom being poor old Brown. The irate Southernness thus winds up: "Shakespeare, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, tells us of the fairy Queen Titania, who by a spell cast upon her by Oberon, was induced to become violently enamored of the monster Bottom, dressed in an ass's head. In her love-sick fancy she thus addressed the clown:

"Thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee."

"Like the spell-bound queen, you, in writing to the outlaw Brown, declare, 'In brief, I love you, and I love you.' What spell there is on you, that makes you the lover of Brown—the invader of our State, the subverter of the law, the contemner of the Constitution, the foe of the Union, and therefore the enemy of God and man—a moral monster of the most deformed proportions, I leave you to ascertain by serious self-examination, and with humble prayer to the searcher of hearts for his assistance. We—Yung Americans—have no love for Puritanism; we do not want its rule established over us; we shall resist it to the last extremity. Keep it at home, and however much we may dislike it, we shall look with charity on its vagaries among your own people, and wait patiently till you of your own free will learn to walk humbly and learn judgment and mercy."

THE Philadelphia Press has a most wonderful New York correspondent. It knows all about everybody. A man cannot pay his tailor, or visit his grandmother, but he knows the amount of the bill, and the age of the feminine antiquity. He thus discourses of the Countess of Landsell: "Lola Montes is living very quietly up town, and doesn't have much to do with the world's people. Some of her old friends, the Bubenians, now and then drop in to have a little chat with her, and though she talks beautifully of her present feelings and way of life, she generally, by way of parenthesis, takes out her little tobacco pouch and makes a cigarette or two for self and friend, and then falls back upon old times with a decided gusto and effect. But she doesn't tell anybody what she's going to do."

GRACE GREENWOOD confesses to being very sensitive to ridicule. In her recent lecture in Boston, she says: "I have had my heroic moments, when I even dreamed myself equal to the rôle of Joan of Arc and Grace Darling; but never in my utmost exaltation, have I felt capable of leading in this desperate effort to row against the wind and tide, perhaps the mountainous billows of ridicule. I might be tortured by the peevishness of newspaper wit, and smile amid my pain. I might be cut by high fashion and survive, but I must confess that 'Young America' on the street corners would appal me!" This was said in regard to crinolines.

A COMPLETE file of the London Times for the last thirty years has been presented to the Boston Athenaeum, by Barlog Brothers, of London. It is pretty well known that two parties of that celebrated firm are Yankees, Mr. Sturgis and Jos. A. Bates. The daughter of the latter, Sophia, had a narrow escape of being Empress of France, for in 1846 when Louis Napoleon was in England, he offered that lady his hand and heart, which she declined.

LITERATURE.

It is a rare thing to meet with a humorous poet, one who is witty without being broad, or jocose without being slang, or pungent and not profane. Hood was unexceptionable and almost unapproachable; Ingoldsby mingles pathos with wit until the tear and the laugh struggle for mastery. Our own Saxe takes Momey by surprise, and makes him laugh until his bells ring out as

echoing peal, and he is unexceptionable, too, and purely humorous. We have indeed most heartily enjoyed the reading of John G. Saxe's new book, *The Money King and other Poems*, published by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. It is full of genuine wit, genial humor and generous sentiment. The fun rolls off his pen with a dexterity which admits of no idea of laboring for effect or straining after quaint similes or *outré* contrasts. Smooth and polished as are his lines, they do not seem to have been "licked into shape," but to have fallen into that natural flow of happy thought which is true humor. His keen sense of the ridiculous, while it furnishes the matter for his poetic vein, keeps him within these true bounds of propriety which to transgress is a crime against both morals and manners.

Saxe's reputation is already an accomplished fact, we need, therefore, only say that this new collection of his works will well repay the reading; it is replete with amusement, and we commend it with the utmost cordiality.

That young and enterprising publisher, ROBERT M. DE WITT, has just issued a verbatim report of the *Trial of Osawatimic Brown*, with numerous illustrations. It is a faithful record of that remarkable insurrection, and entirely divested of all sectional feelings. It contains likewise, an authentic portrait of Brown, as well as lifelike sketches of the chief conspirators. The low price at which it is issued places it within reach of all classes.

The *American Illustrated Family Year Book* for 1860 is an excellent almanac, with numerous pictures, and filled with useful reading matter. It has also the advantage of several entertaining stories. It is published by Mr. GEMMARD, of Nassau street.

At this season of the year, when social festivities are most general, the book which is before us cannot fail to be welcome to all. It is called the *Book of Plays for Home Amusement*. There is something very pleasant in the title, which will recommend it to a very large class of readers. It is a collection of original, altered and selected tragedies, plays, dramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, charades, lectures, &c. This material has been carefully selected, arranged and specially adapted for private representation by Miss S. Steele, herself a dramatist. It also contains full stage directions for performance, dress, &c. The selection is both varied and extensive, and there will be found in the volume something adapted to all classes of amateur talent. It is published by George F. EVANS, the well-known "Gift" book publisher, 430 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, whose "Gift" establishment we noticed some time since, and which has become so noted and so popular an institution of the Quaker City.

MUSICAL.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—The production of Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico" made a mild sensation on our opera goers. It was much talked of in advance, and the uninitiated imagined that they would hear something that would startle and astonish, basing their belief upon the brilliant fame of the great composer. There was an excellent house, although the rain poured down in torrents, and the people got warmed up in some parts of the performance to a fair pitch of excitement, notwithstanding the pretty general disappointment in the character of the music.

To us the music has been familiar for years, and the simple beauty of the exquisite melodies, and the chaste and charming instrumentation, have lost none of their fascination. To the modern opera goers, however, the music sounds tame, and lacks the excitement found in the works of Verdi and his predecessors. Still, several of the pieces were warmly encored and others demanded, though the demand was not acceded to. The chorus in the second act was superbly sung, and barely escaped being called for three times. Mesdames Colson and Guzzanga sang admirably; Rigelli was also excellent, likewise Ferri, Amadio and Madame Strakosch. The orchestra played finely, and the whole was ably conducted by Carl Bergmann.

Debut of Signora Adeline Patti.—Our young Adeline Patti has appeared, and achieved a complete triumph. This success was preshadowed at an invitation rehearsal in the early part of the week, when she astonished her listeners by powers, for one so young, so remarkably matured.

She has a delicious voice, good throughout, of a high register, and flexible to a marvellous degree. Her education has been purely Italian, though we have heard her sing English ballads with much sentiment and charming accent, and her pronunciation is soft and liquid. She throws much pathos and expression into the rôle of Lucia—more than we could have expected from one so young; but to one of her genius nature makes early revelations, and the mysteries of art are familiar by intuition.

She took the whole audience by storm, and received ovations which would have turned the head of many an older artist. The plaudits were loud and unanimous, for every one while he admired rejoiced in such a genuine and deserved success. The stage was literally covered with beautiful and costly flowers; so heavy was the floral shower that the sweet Adeline could not carry off a third, but with the assistance of two or three persons the stage was at length cleared, and the tributes of admiration conveyed to the dressing-room of the young prima donna. Sincerely do we rejoice at her success. Our advice was to withhold her from the public for a year or two longer, to give her voice rest and more time for development, and though we are still satisfied that that would have been the better plan to pursue, we add our hearty congratulations in the successful issue of the event.

She has a brilliant career before her; for with her fine and delicate musical organization, there is no position in the art she has chosen that is beyond her reach.

Drayton's Parlor Opera House.—The Draytons are still delighting crowded audiences at their elegant little opera house on Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel. All who have not seen their charming entertainments should make a point of going and taking their families with them. The operas are full of pleasant music and fun, which beguile away two hours in a magical manner.

Mr. Sam Cowell's Entertainments.—The forthcoming entertainments are exciting much attention. The following extract from the Edinburgh News of the 15th of October, will give an idea of his popularity in the old country:

"MR. SAM COWELL'S CONCERT.—On Saturday evening the Edinburgh Music Hall was crowded to excess to hear Mr. Sam Cowell in his Edinburgh concert, previous to his departure for America. He was received with enthusiastic cheers, and had ample evidence that the friendship and approval of the public had not decreased with years. In addition to 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'My Love's Dead,' 'The Dodger,' &c., he sang our new songs, 'The Cheesemonger's Daughter,' in which the humor chiefly centres in the spelling and explaining certain words; 'Clean your Boots' an amusing impersonation of a ragged school shoe black; the serio-comic ditty, celebrative of 'Bacon and Greens,' given with quiet humor and mock-heroic gravity; and the excellent sketch of 'A Railway Porter,' who has charge of a market of 'Glasgow' with care, and who remains in the predicament under a complication of up trains and down trains from all parts of the world, excess fares, unpaid dogs, shuntings, switchings, &Glasgow, tail-end, horse-boxes, return tickets, time tables, lost luggage, changes of carriages, telegraphic messages, runaway engines, excursionists, and prohibition of smoking and of fees. These portraits are not merely amusing, but they are also excellent studies of human character. They were deservedly applauded throughout. The other vocalists acquitted themselves well. Mr. Sam Cowell delivered the following address, although he was evidently affected in parting with so many old friends:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—old friends and new—
Friends of my boyish days—a word with you I
One word, a sad one, ere I wave my hand
To those who welcomed me to this fair land.
Long years ago, when I unknown I came
And sought to win your favor and a name;
Here, in the Theatre, which they now pull down,
Where Uncle William Murray found renown,
A Yankee boy, from the Far West I came,
And for his sake you welcomed nephew Sam;
Laughed with, not at him, and encored each song,
Whether 'Lord L. vail's' dirge or 'Jim Along';
And heard the latest new melodious flow
From the soft voice of William Barlow.
So, in the Modern Athens gaining ground,
Friendship and fame, and solid wealth he found;
For the dear wife who shares Sam Cowell's throne
Is daughter of a townsman of your own.
No wonder, then, fond memories will twine,
When far away—Auld Reekie and Longfellow!
'Tis pleasant to look back, before I go
Across the Atlantic waves, and tell you so.
To say that here I learnt the way to please,
And climb'd the hill by slow but sure degrees.
In other cities I have won a home,
Yet still from year to year best loved to come
To the Scotch nest where I had preened my wings;
And where 'Young Cowell' sang, Sam Cowell sings—
And still will sing, he hopes, in some far day,
When back to Scotland he next seeks his way.
'Corra Ooba' yet green, the 'Cock Lark' yet untired,
'Whiskers' and 'The Dodger' still admired;
Ready to 'Clean your Boots' or act as 'Railway Porter'
To the 'Cheesemonger's' and 'Ratscatcher's' Daughter;
To tell of 'Ead Macbeth,' as in old days,
Along with newest Transatlantic lays.
Will you not welcome me when next I bow
Before you here—and 'Love Me Then as Now'
That cheer assures me what you wish to tell;
So, for awhile, dear friends, I bid farewell—
A long, a thankful and sincere farewell."

DRAMA.

It seems to us that scarcely within our recollection have theatrical managers displayed such a lack of enterprise as has been exhibited this season. One and all appear to be at their wits' ends for attractions. What were they doing all summer? Were the charms of the sea-side or mountain so engrossing as to completely shut out all thought of the coming winter? One would imagine that some portion, at least, of the vacation would have been devoted to the

diligent search after novelties for the approaching season. How many plays could have been read; how many plans suggested and talked over from which to realize future profit and fame, and yet time enough be left for recreation. Such, however, does not appear to have been the opinion of the metropolitan managers, for their resources are already, at the very commencement of the season exhausted (so far, at least, as we can judge); and instead of some definite plan of operation, carefully formed and systematically carried out, they seem to put plays up at random, trusting to luck for a piece to make a "hit" and carry them through the season.

Once in a great while, it is true, an indifferent play, as in the case of the "American Cousin" last winter, meets with a success as unprecedented as it is uncalculated for; but it must be borne in mind that this is the exception not the rule, and certainly should not be considered a sufficiently strong inducement to managers to confine themselves altogether to the production of indifferent plays, in the bare hope that one may at last turn up a prize.

Nor do we consider managers at all justified in relying entirely upon the personal popularity of some one or two members of the company for success—this, too, may do for a time. But there never yet was a time when well selected and judiciously used company, together with interesting and thoroughly good plays, did not receive a steady encouragement from the public.

We are aware of the immense difficulties that beset the manager on every side, both as regards the selection of plays and artists to present them; but, at the same time, feel that in this, as in every other enterprise, determination and forethought can do much that is now left undone.

Let the public once feel a certainty that when they visit the theatre their mind and eye will be alike gratified, the cares and turmoil of the day for an hour or two forgotten, either in amusing incidents over which they can laugh without blushing, or in fictitious griefs that interest but do not revolt, and you shall see the boxes nightly crowded with men and women, and they, too, of the best in the land. As a step in the right direction, we are happy once more to "lodge to the 'Wife's Secret,'" as played at Miss Keene's, and of which we expressed our honest admiration a week or two since. This is a play that excites our warmest sympathies by appealing to the heart direct; not the morbid passions that, to a greater or less extent, we all of us experience, and which are quite difficult enough to master, even when unstimulated by extraneous aid. Let us have more such plays, healthy in tone, interesting in plot, and lively in incident. The regular theatre goers may possibly require something stronger, but by elevating the character of the performances, the entire public will in time become regular theatre goers. No "beggarly account of empty boxes" then, but, on the contrary, night after night, "A forest of faces in every row!"

Mr. Brougham's "Romance and Reality" has drawn one or two fair houses at Wallack's. Mr. Lester Wallack, who played Rover for his benefit, was not forgotten by his many friends.

"Smiles" still tells of his woes and his hardship at the Winter Garden, though relief is promised soon in the shape of a new play from Mr. Dion Boucicault's pen; and before this is in print, Mr. and Mrs. Williams will have brought their long engagement to a close, and the distinguished tragedienne, Mrs. Stoevel, have made her entrée at Niblo's, a circumstance upon which we congratulate the public.

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Journal of the Betrothed—Slanders on American women; their mania for marriage—M. Xavier Eyma—An interesting case in court.

What should be done to those intolerable people who cheat you with a title, who raise before your imagination a beautiful transparency of ten thousand francs to induce you to pay your sons to see some marvel which is not worth ten crowns? Condone with me—I have been thus deceived—I have been misled by a title, and purchased chicory for coffee! Hearing lately of a paper called the *Journal des Françaises*, or, the "Journal of the Betrothed," I made all haste to secure it. What did I expect? Dear "Illustrated" what would your readers, and especially your lady readers, expect from such a title? Something all rose-color and nightingale to us, a mixture of the better part of the "Amour" of M. Michelet with the choicest lyrics of the Troubadours! Nothing less than this—perhaps something more. Well, I opened the "Journal of the Betrothed," and found it full of scales of prices for wedding gifts and lists of presents appropriate to the newly married; sketches of wedding breakfasts from twenty francs upwards, and advertisements of the jewellers, florists, glove-makers, and I know not what other people who lurk around the gate of the temple of Hymen to take toll. However, there is an idea in the title worth adopting. Why not start, even in New York, a true newspaper for the engaged? What gentlemen who have just plighted faith and entered the dream-land of betrothment would be without a copy? And as your American ladies are very engaging, I need not hint that the support to be derived from the fair sex alone would insure a circulation as extensive as that of the heavenly bodies. Apropos, do you know what the circulation of the heavenly bodies really is? It is the gyration of two beautiful girls in a waltz.

I begun by decrying deceit, I continue by denouncing slander. M. Xavier Eyma, in the *Illustration*, *Journal Universel*, has begun a series of articles on "American Eccentricities." His first article—not over decent or delicate—discusses American women and their morals; American girls and their want of morals; seductions, seducers and similar fascinating topics. Fancy the pot calling the kettle black, imagine the enemy rebuking sin, and then listen to a voice from Paris execrating the horrible wickedness of America!

Monsieur Eyma has discovered that the liberty which women enjoy in America is producing the most horrible effects. Free love, divorces in California, the old state of affairs in Indiana, and half a dozen instances of improper marriages between connections, or of amalgamation, supported by some newspaper extracts, supply M. Eyma with proof that you are all going *peu-mêle* to general communism, and that the refrain of your universal aspirations is *promiscuous nous!*

You in America can, however, best judge whether the ladies of your land are all inspired as M. Eyma declares with a delirious, headlong, uncontrollable rage for marriage! He believes that they are all wild with a mania for matrimony, which respects not even the ties of blood, which cries for husbands as for daily bread, which sees all life, as the poet saw the landscape, through the wedding ring. But listen to him:

"Marriage is the aim towards which all young girls in America tend, as soon as they can claim to be marriageable, most of them without regard to their inclinations, their tastes, social convenience or the relations of age. They wish to marry, therefore they must marry at any price, even the price of their happiness, their peace, their present, their future, with the saving exception only of resorting after a while to divorce, separation or adultery, to recompense them for their miscalculations."

That will do for the present. Decidedly the lady who is not a marrying woman does not live in America!

And talking of marriages, since every novel and drama ought to end with one, why not a letter? *Cher Illustré*, believe that, after all M. Eyma has said, the *filles de France* are quite as ready to snap at a good offer as any of their sisters of Eve in America. Witness the following true narrative of a little incident which recently occurred in a village near Yvetot, and of the truth of which I am well assured.

In the aforesaid village, near the Yvetot in question, a case was to be argued before the *juge de paix*, or local magistrate. The question was of a sum of money, and as the fortunes of law had it, the parties in the suit had never met.

The plaintiff was a broad-shouldered and handsome bachelor, a gentleman of forty, a man just beginning to wish that he had married ten years ago. He attended the trial, not without interest; the decision would be one which would seriously affect in either decision his own prosperity or that of the defendant.

All was in order, the judge had given notice that he was ready to hear the particulars, the clerks were munching chocolate and taking aim with their pens.

The defendant made her appearance. She was a diamond beauty, a loveliness of twenty-four carats, soft as melted velvet, exquisite as your young dreams of Clémence or Sapho. And there was a tender melancholy, a manifest anxiety apparent in her glances and air.

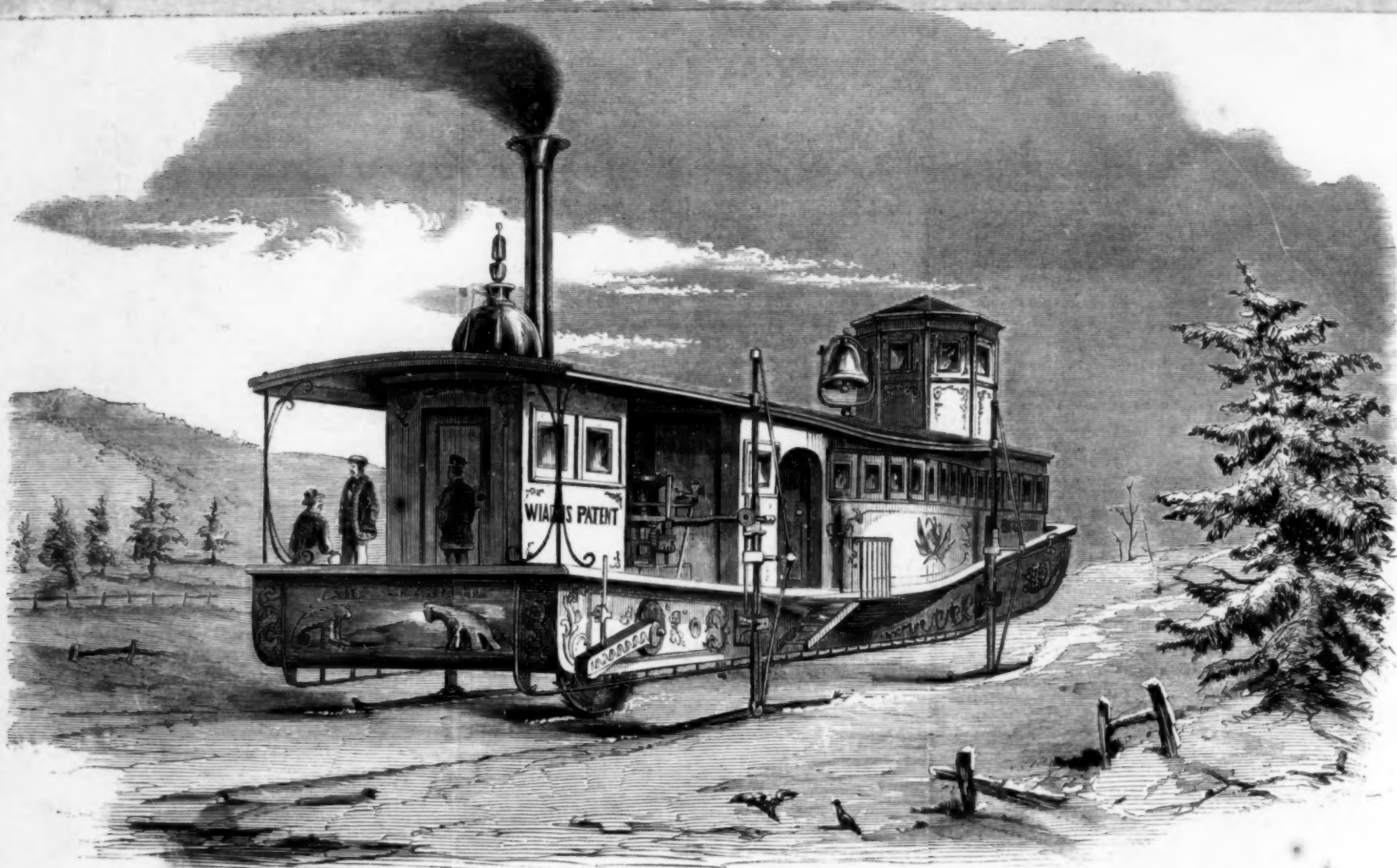
There was a dead silence in court. The plaintiff was the first to break it with the words:

"Mademoiselle, I feel incapable of sustaining this action against you. I have not the courage, I am sorry to have given you the trouble of appearing here. I resign the case, and will pay the costs. Allow me to offer you my arm."

The lady quietly took his arm, and the parties walked out of court. That they arranged their little difficulty, appears from the fact that they are now betrothed. Their next appearance in public will not be before a lawyer but a priest.

PANORAMA.

EX-GOVERNOR GILMER of Georgia died last week. He was sixty-nine years old. He was known as the author of an historical work called "The Georgia Story." He was a lawyer and a soldier, distinguishing himself in the Creek war.



WIARD'S STEAM ICE CAR PASSING THROUGH A SNOW BANK, BEING RAISED ON THE RUNNERS BY THE MACHINERY FOR THAT PURPOSE.

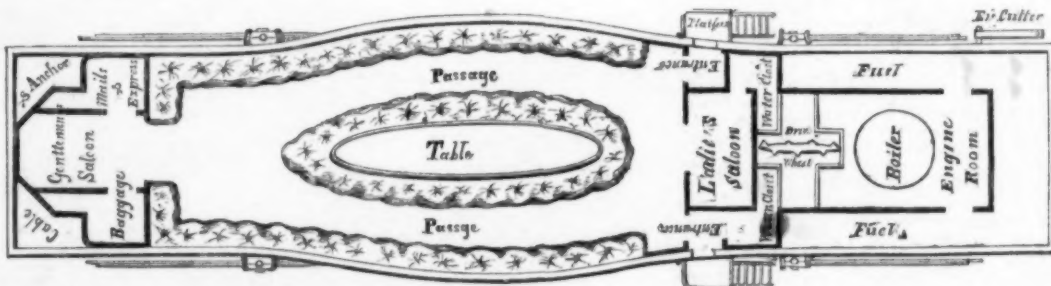
WIARD'S STEAM ICE CARS FOR WINTER TRANSIT ON SNOW AND ICE ROADS.

CONSIDERABLE attention was attracted to this enterprise last winter, and a widespread interest in its success established in the public mind. A large car was constructed by Mr. Norman Wiard, of Janesville, Wisconsin, at that time at Prairie du Chien, designed to run on the Mississippi River between that point and St. Paul's. Some delays in the receipt of machinery, manufactured in this city, to form a part of this car, prevented a practical trial of the machine before the ice passed out of the river. During the past summer and autumn, Mr. Wiard has remained in New York city, and has finally succeeded in placing his inventions and business arrangements in the hands of John Cleveland, Esq., 38 Wall street, acting in the capacity of trustee for all parties concerned. This disposition has relieved the enterprise of all embarrassments, and induced several gentlemen of character and capital to join in the development of the undertaking. Ample funds have been subscribed and paid into

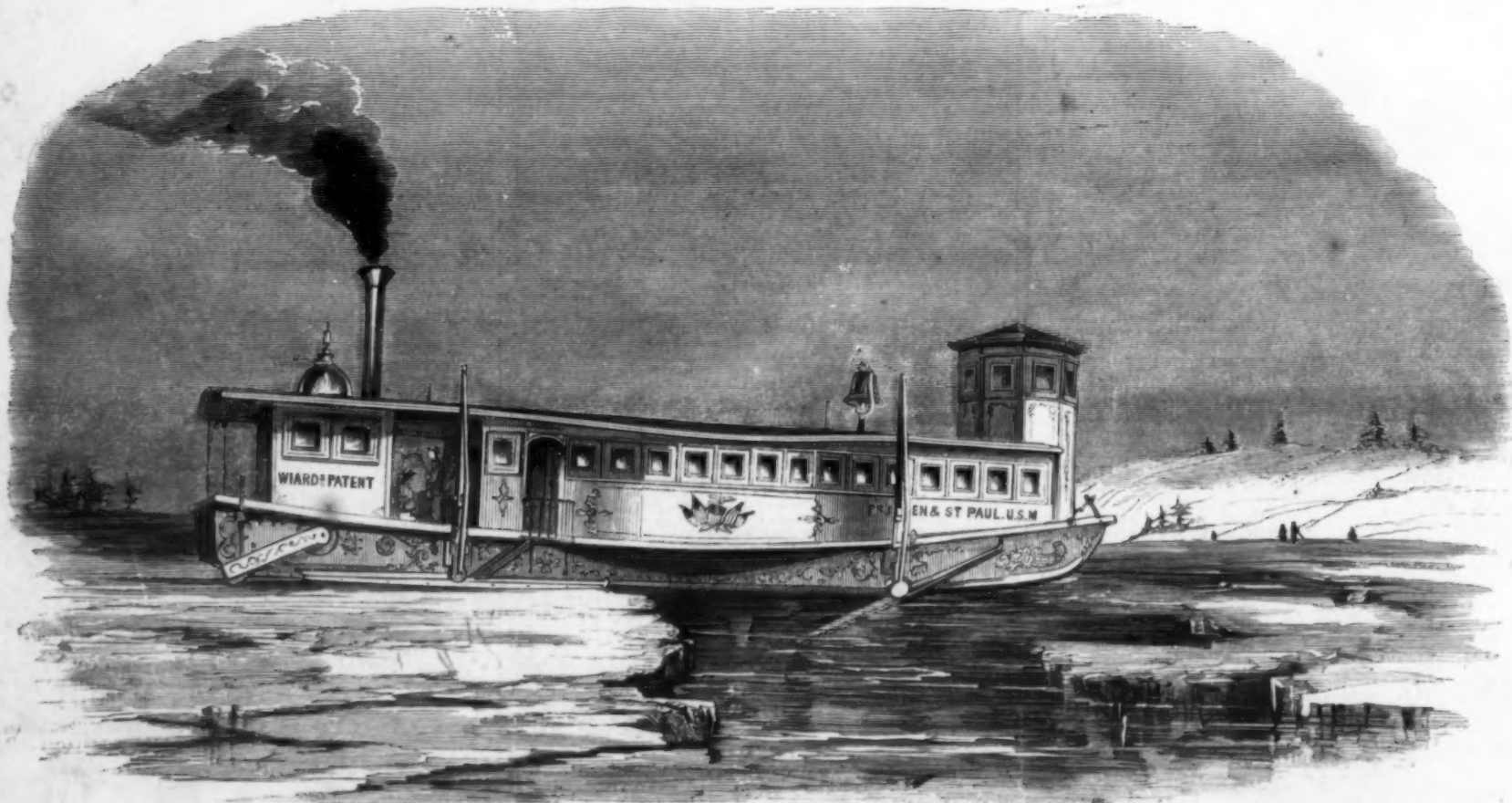
the hands of the trustee, to enable Mr. Wiard to construct a twenty passenger car and to finish it in the most elaborate and efficient manner. This car is now well advanced, and will be ready for the painters and decorators by the third day of December, and will be completed and taken by the way of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad through on a car to Prairie du Chien, where it will be put in operation by the 20th of December. The illustrations we have given represent, an ice car passing from a bank through the snow down on the ice; the car raised on its runners, pass-

ing through deep snow on the ice; the car in the water; and the method of drawing the car from the water, giving a spirited and beautiful view of the car resting upon its continuous runners, with the ordinary travelling runners suspended and raised at the front to prevent their interfering with the passage of the car out upon the ice on the continuous runners, designed for that purpose. This beautiful car is named the Lady Franklin, and will be illustrated by portraits, dog trains, reindeer sledges and other appropriate and suggestive devices, among which the white bear, king of the ice-world, will not be forgotten. The diagrams represent the floor-plan of the car, with the seats arranged around a table in the centre, which is also surrounded by a continuous seat for the convenience of passengers. A mail and baggage-room is represented, together with toilet-rooms; also the space occupied by the machinery and engineer's department. The remainder of the diagrams represent sections of the car; the whole giving a very complete idea of this remarkable invention.

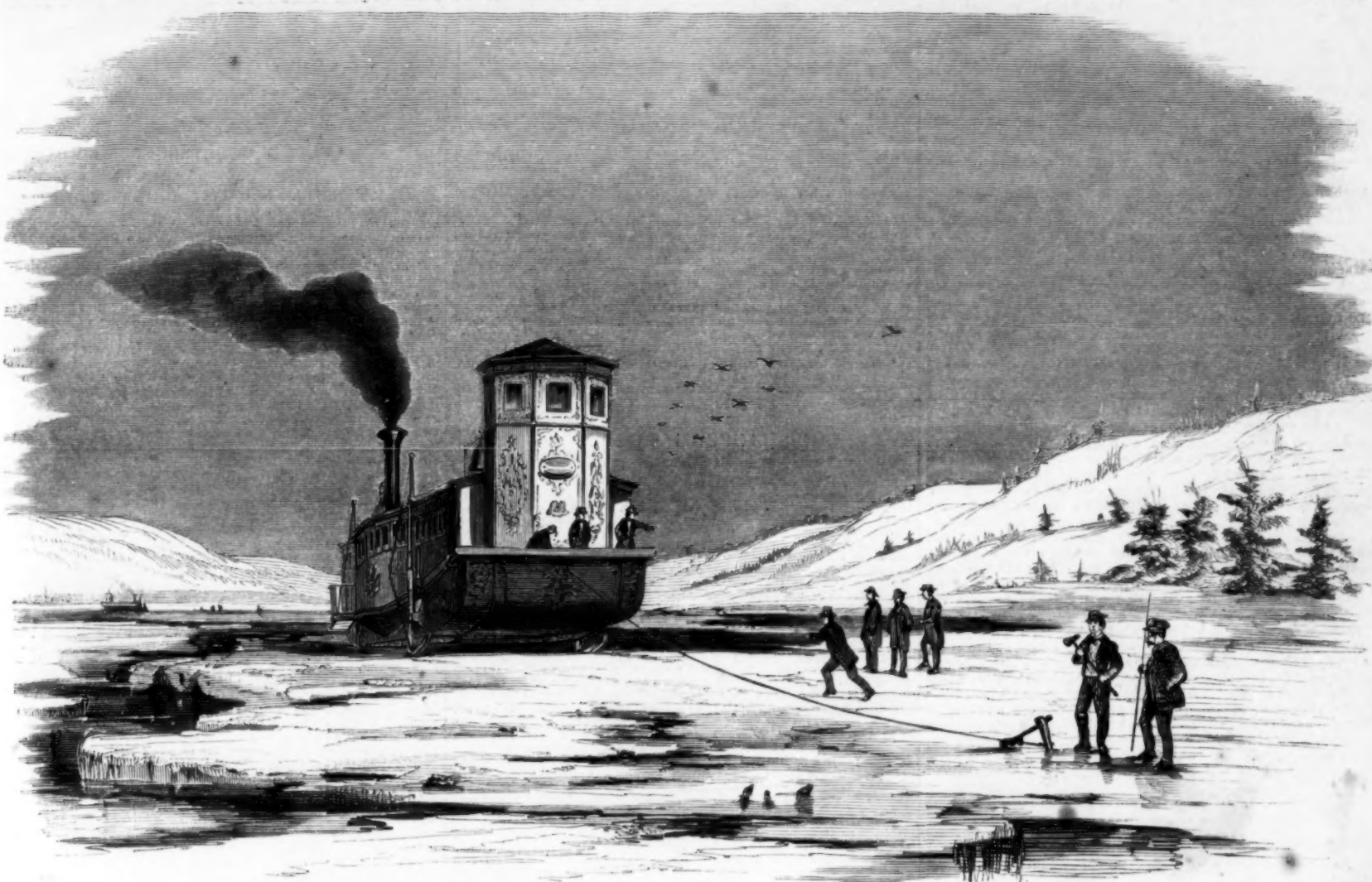
Designs have already been prepared by Mr. Wiard for an Imperial Steam Ice Chariot which



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CABIN ARRANGEMENTS, SEATS, SALOONS, ETC.



WIARD'S STEAM ICE CAR GOING INTO THE WATER.



HAULING THE ICE CAR OUT OF THE WATER BY MEANS OF THE ANCHOR, WORKED BY THE ENGINE.

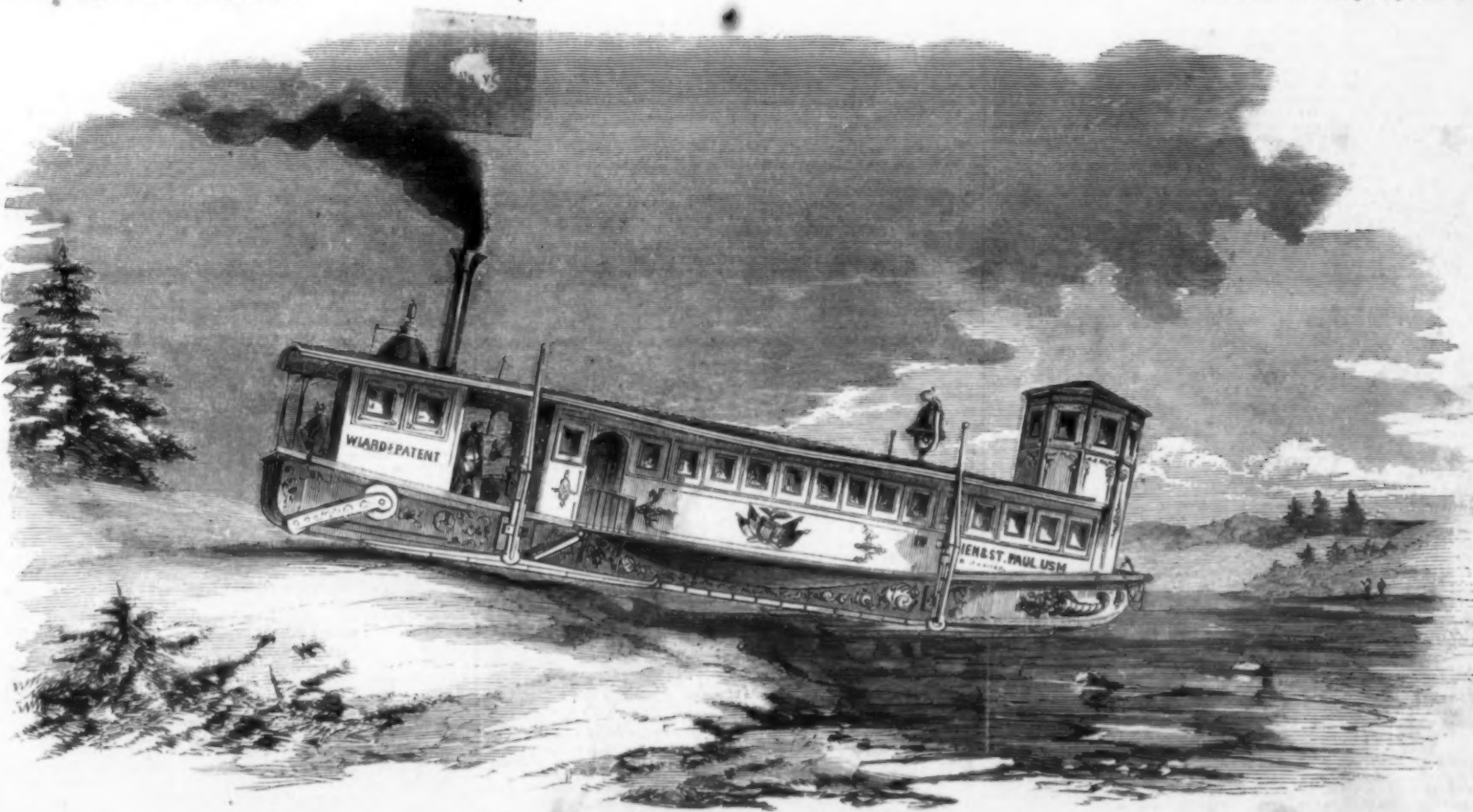
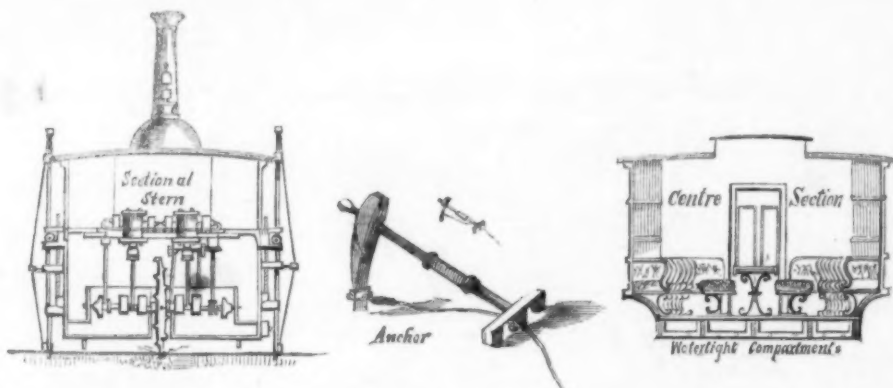
will surpass any carriage ever constructed in its magnificent, tasteful and unique elegance; this is intended for shipment to the Russian capital, to be tested on the Neva during the present winter, and to present its practical advantages to the Russian Government. Designs have been also prepared for small steam sleighs, carrying from two to twelve passengers, specially adapted for the snow as well as the ice roads of the country. An overland stage for the prairies and a pleasure chariot adapted to cities and their vicinities have been perfected, and the various patents secured or in process of being so.

The operation of the ice car or boat is, from the simplicity and complete adaptation of all its parts, easily and completely under the control of a pilot at the steering wheel in front, who, with a good view in all directions, directs all the movements of the machinery to the single engineer in his room in the rear. When moving along on smooth ice, where there is no snow, the boat is lowered down so that its bottom is nearly in contact with the ice. The contact or penetration of the sharp edges of the driving wheel is

conveniently adjustable to any required pressure or penetration, and the pressure is always elastic, and can be increased or diminished as required, even to the extent of placing the whole weight of the

boat upon it; or it can be as easily raised altogether off the ice and to a considerable height above it, without at all affecting the complete operation of the engines, while the boat is moving forward, while it is at rest, or while the steam is on or off the engines, and during the time these adjustments are taking place or any other required operations of the boat or machinery.

The whole boat can be raised to three feet, or any intermediate required height, or lowered without affecting in any manner the contact of the driving wheel with the ice, or any required operation with the engines. If when the machine is moving forward through a passable ordinary depth of snow, it should encounter a snow bank less than three feet in depth and be stopped, the boat can, as above described, be raised while it is at rest to a sufficient height to pass it, only displacing the narrow openings necessary for its sharp-wedge-shaped runners and the same form of driver; and if it should encounter a formidable snow bank, twenty feet in depth and penetrates it by its momentum so as even to be completely buried, the



WARD'S STEAM ICE CAR LEAVING THE SNOW ON LAND FOR THE FROZEN RIVER.

means are provided to move it through it or over it, or to back it out with certainty and with such facility, that it could be scarcely be called a mishap, and would cause no material delay. If the boat should run off the ice into the water at a speed of twenty miles an hour, from its peculiar form and construction it would slide over its surface, for some distance, before it could attain its maximum draught as at rest, and if the opening was not wider than twice the length of the boat, its own momentum would slide it out safely on the other side.

The boat is provided with eighty water-tight compartments, made of tin, and placed under the floor and seats, and enclosed on all sides, so that if at any time one or more holes should be broken in the hull of the boat, by plunging into the water against cakes of ice or from any other cause, no possible harm could ensue. About thirty of these boxes would have to be broken before the boat with its load could be sunk, and if it should be thrown upside down, or on its side in the water, it would right itself instantly from the greater weight of its iron bottom.

From the complete arrangements for ventilation, there is no necessity for making any windows to be opened, and but little water could enter the car in a case of this kind. Even though the boat were full of water it could not be sunk, from the buoyancy of the water-tight compartments.

The travelling runners of the ice boat are jointed at the centres of their length, and have a lock in the joint that will always prevent their front ends from being depressed, while they are heaviest at the back end; by which device they will suddenly rise at the front end, to enter with a facility that is increased by the springing due to the weight of the boat upon the surface, on the forward side of any hole in the ice which they may encounter. The forward runners are to be turned by a steering wheel placed inside to give direction to the boat, and, unlike the truck of any other locomotive machine, each turns upon or directly over the centre of its bearing upon the ice with freedom, the edges of the shoes being rounded, so that the shock or concussion of meeting any obstruction will not be communicated by the steering gear to the pilot, but react entirely upon the strongly fastened pedestal on the side of the iron boat. By this device also the machine is not obstructed by framework under its bottom in lowering, and nothing intervenes between the runners in passing snow.

The shoes of the runners being rounded, permit their being turned with the greatest freedom in the operation of steering; and to make the boat take the course indicated by the direction of the runners, which it would not do otherwise on smooth ice, plates of steel which are sharp and rounded upon their lower edges—"lee boards"—may be pressed by the foot of the pilot through a mortice, in the centre of the shoe into the ice, enabling the pilot to govern its course with the greatest nicety, whether to attain a change or to keep a direction against the action of a side wind. All the parts exposed to be loaded with ice are made hollow, and have communication with the boiler for a sufficient admission of steam to prevent them from so loading or to detach any ice formed upon them; and no complicated details are necessary to attain this end, as the greatest strength with the least amount of material is at the same time attained.

The utmost care has been expended on the arrangement of all of the details of the machine to secure utility and beauty with the least outlay of labor or material, and the result is a light, well warmed and ventilated, convenient and beautiful locomotive machine, which promises to achieve the desirable end of carrying passengers and moving freight with the speed of a railroad, the comforts and safety of a canal packet, and an economy not before attained by any other means, in opposition to difficulties hitherto considered to be insurmountable. Many can recall the sufferings of winter travel in the North-west on stages; the delays caused by being caught in a snow-storm on railroads, the locomotives buried, unable to back or go forward, and without provisions or comforts for days and weeks, on a broad prairie; the loaded wheels and icy decks of a steamboat on a late fall trip, with holes abraded through the wooden hull, inciting all to a vain effort at frozen pumps, &c. The whole of these difficulties and discomforts seem to be entirely avoided, and all desirable advantages provided by this new and remarkable adaptation of means for opening so many otherwise isolated localities to commerce and social communication with the rest of mankind.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is reported that Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who not long since returned to America, has refused the dignity of Senator of France.

General Ward B. Burnett, Surveyor General of Nebraska and Kansas, has got into trouble. Among the charges made against him and forwarded to the Interior Department, is the following: "The sixteenth specification is in the following language: 'It is also charged that he is at times incapacitated to attend to the duties of his office from drunkenness, and that in consequence of his absence from his post, without the permission of the Department, important duties of the office are neglected, and deputies suffer loss for want of his signature.' He is now absent and has been since the 20th of May last. When last heard from he was in the State of Tennessee."

Among the most remarkable deaths announced during the week is that of the celebrated pioneer and explorer, Christopher Carson, of Texas, New-Mexico, where he had been residing as Indian Agent. Carson was a native of Kentucky, having been born in Madison County, at the close of 1809. His father, shortly after that period, removed to Missouri, where Kit, when a lad of fifteen, was apprenticed to a saddler—occupying himself at that business two years, at the end of which he joined a trapping expedition and a trapper he remained, until his familiarity with the great far West rendered him invaluable as a guide to explorers of the Plains. For eight years he acted as hunter at Bent's Fort. When Colonel Fremont engaged in his expedition Carson accompanied him, and was ever after his steadfast companion. In 1847 he received the rank of Lieutenant in the Rifle Corps, United States army. His latest and most remarkable exploit on the Plains was enacted in 1853, when he conducted a drove of 6,000 sheep safely to California.

Important if True.—General Tom Thumb is again reported to be betrothed. We need no disrespect to the plucky little General, but cannot help recalling the answer made by a bouncing well grown Miss to a very small gentleman with the same surname: "Indeed, Tommy, I'm sorry I can't marry you, but you're really too large to put into a cradle and not quite large enough to put into a bed."

The Foreign News of the week announces that circeline is doomed. Victoria and Eugene have dropped it and will in future circulate Regina walk the queen in short skirts.

At the request of her Majesty, which at Court amounts to a command, for promenade in ordinary toilettes mouseline de laine has been adopted. All dresses will be of this material, but not long and trailing. They are to be short, so as to show the lower part of the leg a little.

A Suspicious Case.—Mrs. Adelaide Shaffer, the young widow who has been arrested at Clinton, Mass., on suspicion of having poisoned her husband, has encountered a new trouble. She has been indicted on a charge of adultery with one Jonathan Davis, and held to bail in the sum of \$5,000. Her suspected paramour has avoided the trouble by running away, leaving his partner in crime to tread the thorny path alone.

Most Remarkable Murder.—We find in the Marshall (Texas) *Republican* of the 5th inst., a detailed account of one of the most remarkable murders which we ever read. The murderers were two boys, who slew the deceased, a teacher in Marshall County, in retaliation for evidence given by him in a law suit of the State against Hall, for shooting Mason for alleged criminal intercourse with his wife, the mother of the boys. In addition to this cause of offence given by the deceased, he was relied on as the principal witness of Hall in a suit of divorce from his wife, the boys' mother. The boys waylaid Gillespie, and as he was returning from his school stepped from behind several trees which had concealed them, and felling him to the ground, inflicted upon him mortal wounds. The youths had not, when the *Republican* was issued, been arrested.

Selling the Lawyers.—The other day several lawyers were very badly sold by a facetious policeman. A billy goat, which had been found straying in the Sixth Ward, was taken to the cell of the station-house, and locked up. His name was entered upon the police sheet as William Goetz. A message was sent to a Tommy's slyster to the effect that a client of his, Mr. Goetz, was locked up for being disorderly. Smelling a fee, he rushed to the place, was shown to the cell; as the door opened the furious animal rushed between the lawyer's legs and capized him. When he saw how badly he had been sold he went away, and sent another. He had his interview with Mr. William Goetz, walked off, and consoled himself by despatching another limb of the law; and so on till five unhappy lawyers had all their dose. It is considered so excellent a joke that none of them like to set their eyes on a goat.

A Mean Rascal.—At Cleveland last week two ineffectual attempts were made to shoot Mr. Richard Moore, a compositor in the *Plaindealer* office, by

Miss Sarah Hubbard, who has until recently been also a compositor in the same office. Miss Hubbard has been for a year or two working in several of the printing offices in Cleveland, in every one of which her conduct has secured her the respect and esteem of all who knew her. Until quite recently she worked in the *Plaindealer* office, and while there became acquainted with Moore. The acquaintance continued pleasantly until a few weeks since, when she heard of disrespectful and ungentlemanly remarks which he had made about her, and informed him of the fact. He, however, continuing his slanderous behavior, she procured a pistol, and watching her opportunity she fired twice but missed. Much commiseration is expressed for her, as she is an orphan, and has lost her situation through the columns of this unmanly villain.

Jersey City.—Mysterious Seizure of Diamonds.—The officers have made a great haul of diamonds, which two Spanish gentlemen attempted to smuggle from the Asia, in which vessel they had come passengers. The value of them is computed at \$60,000. One bracelet alone was valued at \$5,000.

Lord Dundreary.—This eminent member of the theatrical profession has lately met with a Roland for his Oliver. In point of fact, he has had his tables turned upon him. He sued his fair manager, Laura Keane, for about \$160 for salary, and she pleaded "an offset and more," "a mile and a bit—back" as they say in Scotland, in the shape of \$200 for rent. The trial came off at the M. Rice Court, and the result was that Lord Dundreary's Southern host who he sued the fair Laura for, and had a verdict against him for the rent she never would have asked him for had he not tried her amiability by suing her! Many celebrities of the theatrical profession were examined; their testimony was deliriously conflicting.

Shipwreck of the India.—This iron steamer, one of the Liverpool and Canadian line, went on shore on the rocks of Nova Scotia about five o'clock on the 21st ultimo, and almost immediately went to pieces. It seems pretty clear that in these emergencies there is nothing like cak for building vessels after all.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP.

ENGLAND.

Miss Martineau on Hoops.—This strong minded lady has come out on hoops in a remarkably strong manner. She closes a long argument thus: Do the petticoats of our time serve as anything but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportions? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks like the Dutch tumbler that was a favorite toy in my infancy. The fit is so the reverse of accurate, as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit; while, at the same time, it is not an easy fit. The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat and the difficulty of getting it all into the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way injurious to health. Under a rational method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—nothing more than the girdle which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hoops skirts, only ask the women themselves, who are always in danger from fire, or wind, or water, or carriage wheels, or rails, or paths, or nalis, or, in short, everything they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers or brothers, and hear how they like being out with the steel frame when they enter a gate with a lady, or being driven into a corner of the pew at church, or to the outside of the coach for want of room.

Great Storm in London.—On the 2d of November a complete hurricane passed over the metropolis. It lasted from sunrise to sunset, and was the most violent known for years. A schooner was nearly wrecked at London Bridge, and not a boat ventured on the river all day. Upwards of twenty-five barges received considerable damage between Vauxhall and Putney; while off Wandsworth five others sank laden with coal. Between Westminster and Vauxhall bridges, three sailing vessels had their sails torn to ribbons, and one of them had her mast snapped off short like a lath. Near Chelsea upwards of twenty small boats were smashed and destroyed. Off Barnes-bridge a boat containing two young men was seen to capsize, and both were thrown into the water. The unfortunate young men, before assistance could reach them, sank, and the boat also shortly afterwards disappeared. A high stone wall on the bank near Richmond was forced down by the fury of the wind, and, falling on a barge below, knocked the bottom out. At Wandsworth a sailing barge was forced with terrific speed against the shore, smashing her head, which was completely carried away, the water rushing into her and destroying a great portion of the cargo.

A new method of vengeance has lately appeared in England, founded upon the Orsini plot of Rue Lepelletier. A brickmaker of Oldham, having quarrelled with the Union men, was entering his door about dusk one Sunday evening, when a terrible explosion took place almost under his feet—fortunately he escaped. It was a hand grenade made upon the same plan as those which were used in the attempt last year on Louis Napoleon's life.

IRELAND.

Jenny Lind lately paid a visit to Mercer's Hospital, Dublin, when a complimentary address was presented to her for her professional services to that excellent charity. Competent judges say her singing is as sweet and wonderful as ever.

Irish Chastity.—A very distressing case has lately occurred in Clonmel. A young woman, who had borne an irreproachable character, was persuaded by some friends to attend a wake. During the progress of this ancient but disgusting ceremony, considerable liquor was drunk, of which she unfortunately partook; under the excitement she was ruined by an old acquaintance. Next morning her grief was excessive, and proceeding to the top of Balladiney Castle, which is above a hundred feet in height, she threw herself from the top of its ruined tower—a greater ruin herself. She was, of course, killed on the spot. There ought to be a most terrible punishment for such villains in this world as well as the next.

SPAIN.

War with Morocco.—The peaceable nations and the foreign residents of Tangier were leaving this city in shoals, the principal number going to Gibraltar. A large British fleet were either in the bay, or cruising in the neighborhood. The warlike enthusiasm of the Moors against the Spanish had risen to religion heat, and they were calculating their chances of Paradise from the destruction of infidels. The Duke de Monpensier had petitioned the Queen of Spain for permission to engage in the war as a Spanish officer against the Moors, but the Queen of Spain had refused her consent. It will be remembered that he married Queen Isabella's sister—a marriage which may be said to have cost Louis Philippe the throne of France. It is reported that the Queen of Spain, who is notoriously the most abandoned woman that ever sat on a throne, made the following humorous speech: "I will have valued and sold, if necessary, all my jewels for the success of this holy enterprise. My private patrimony may be disposed of without reserve for the welfare and glory of my children. I will cut down any luxury. A simple string of coral will shine more on my neck than a necklace of diamonds, if the latter can serve to defend our beloved Spain and increase her renown." Very exciting events may be soon expected to take place at Ceuta and Tangier.

TURKEY.

We find the following remarkable and announcement in an English paper: "The *Trieste Zeitung* is informed by its Persa correspondent that the Sultan has recently received a most beautiful Circassian slave as a present from a person who wears four Russian orders. The appointment of Mehmet Kipriali Pacha, a philo-Russian, to be Grand Vizier, is supposed to be in some connexion with the arrival of the new light to the Imperial harem."

Fancy the horror of Miss Lane, the beautiful and virtuous niece of our esteemed President at Brigham Young or Santa Anna sending a beautiful Utah lady to be the light of the White House! Surely the nation which tolerates such an enormity as this dealing in human flesh ought to be extirpated.

The punishment of the conspirators had been commuted from death to imprisonment for some and banishment for others. It had most formidable and extensive ramifications. Hussein Pacha, who so distinguished himself at the siege of Kars, has been banished for two years—a remarkably mild punishment.

FRANCE.

Some months since the *Independence Belge* contained a strange account of a once illustrious family now represented by a single individual in an humble sphere. A similar case was recently shown in the mysterious and miserable death of the Count de Courtain, who was found suspended to a tree in the Bois de Boulogne, a few weeks ago, having been driven to the sad extremity by the shrouded misery and starvation. For the last few months of his existence the Count de Courtain had been supported by the wretched gains of an old fortune-teller, who, detected in assisting him to carry off from his miserable lodgings a few articles which should have been left as payment of the rent, had been that morning conveyed to prison; so, without resource, without a friend, the wretched man went out and hanged himself. Thus ends the elder branch of the noble house of de Courtain.

The city of Paris has purchased for one million four hundred thousand francs the Hall of the Theatre Lyrique. The Opera will be removed, it is said, from the Rue Lepelletier to the Boulevard des Capucines. It is intended to be the most magnificent Opera which the world can boast. The exact locality has been determined upon, that upon which the Hotel d'Ormonde stood, in front of the Rue de la Paix, and upon which the Rue de Rouen and de L'Esperance abut, and it is to be commenced immediately. Where the embellishment of the gorgeous capital will cease it is difficult to say, though, if there is money to spend, this is better than any other "idea."

GERMANY.

The following bit of scandal comes of course, considering the season, from Homburg. It is only at Continental *rouge et noir* watering places that such dainty events occur:

"At a recent grand ball a noble Russian lady was not only remarkable for her beauty and dignity, but also for a beautiful ornament—a bouquet of immense turquoise, surrounded by diamonds of the first water. A prima donna, who had travelled much, bestowed more than marked attention upon the lady and her brooch, and followed her about from room to room in order to get a better look at the ornament. At length the Russian lady, annoyed at the perseverance and rudeness of the singer, stopped before her, and, although the prima donna was on the arm of a disagreeable near relative for the communication to be heard by, she said, 'Yes, madame, it is, indeed, my brooch. The

prince, my husband, when you were in St. Petersburg, one morning, so overcome, I presume, by the last evening's brilliant notes at the opera, took the brooch from my *ecrin* without saying a word, and presented it to you. You, on your return to Paris, sold it for ten thousand francs in the Rue de la Paix. By accident I saw the lost bijou, and repurchased it at fifteen thousand francs; therefore, you see, I am quite right in considering it mine. Am I not?' The sensation thus created in the circle that had gathered round may, in 'stock' diction, be said to have been easier imagined than described. The next day the abashed singer, and more abashed relative above-mentioned, quitted Paris in all haste."

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, 4th November, 1859.

DEAR SIR.—There has been such mystery on all foreign questions since Louis Napoleon's advent to power, that it is difficult to give any reliable intelligence. I hear to-day that France and England have come to an understanding on the Italian question, and that a congress will be held of the Great Powers. This will exclude, however, all except France, England, Russia, Austria and Prussia. But even this report has a qualification. Some say that Lord John Russell insists upon the stipulation that the Central Italian Powers be at liberty to choose their rulers, while others say that Lord Palmerston only demands that, upon great reforms being made, the exiled dukes shall be restored. I do not think any ministry could stand the next parliamentary session who would so far play into the hands of France and Austria. Palmerston has lost power twice through his obsequiousness towards his French friend—in 1852, when Lord John Russell, then premier, dismissed him for approving of the infamous *coup d'etat*, and last on the conspiracy bill. I do not think he will sacrifice himself a third time, for it would show such a disposition towards making England secondary to France that John Bull would not overlook it. Lord John Russell and Gladstone are very anti-Austrian, and will not sacrifice Italy to the exigencies of the Lord of the Tuilleries, however anxious they may be for peace with France. In the meantime, Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel had an interview at Turin. These noble men perfectly agree at heart in their policy, but the former is more desperate in his resolves, not having the weight of a crown on his head, and also from his well knowing that if the dukes are restored he loses his position; indeed I question if he would be allowed to remain in Italy one hour after the restoration of the old tyrants. It is therefore not improbable that he will head a revolution, shall the worst come to the worst. Victor Emanuel, ambitious as he is of being king of Northern Italy, is afraid to venture too far, since he may lose what he has in getting more. Russia and Prussia naturally incline to legitimate rule and detest revolution; but these views are modified by a desire to make Sardinia as strong as possible, as a counterpoise to France. This is also, as I said before, the Palmerstonian doctrine.

The Duke of Gramont has been recommending many important reforms to the Pope, who promises to concede all that is asked by Louis Napoleon when the legations return to their allegiance. Like Falstaff, he will do nothing upon compulsion. I am inclined to think this will be the commencement of the war. Naples will assist the Pope, and then Garibaldi begins the revolution. But enough of these political guesses; something may happen to-morrow which will upset everything.

The German papers are full of the preparations to celebrate the Schiller centenary. A letter from Marbach says that the house in which Schiller lived has been purchased for two thousand dollars, and is being restored to the state it was when the great poet lived there. A torchlight procession was contemplated in Berlin, but the police authorities forbade it. Strange enough, the Austrian government was not so timid, and have given permission to have a grand torchlight procession on the 10th of November.

A most interesting exhibition is now open at the United Service Institution; it is of the Franklin relics. It is gratuitous, the public being admitted by tickets, which are given to every respectable person upon application at certain print-sellers in London.

The Great Eastern sailed on the 2nd from Holyhead, and arrived on the 4th at Southampton. When exposed to the Atlantic swell, she rolled a little—about eight degrees. The working of her engines was most satisfactory: with two-thirds her power she made about nineteen miles an hour. She is perfectly under command. The following extract of a letter from Mr. Campbell to the editor of a Liverpool paper may be interesting to your American readers, and must apologise for its length:

"All the energies of the Board, from April to August, were devoted to the completion of the ship in time for the American season, and but for the unfortunate accident the ship would have been in America in September. The delay consequent on making good the damage done by the accident deranged our plans, and two courses remained open for our adoption:—The first was to go to America, realise little by the voyage out, and find, when we arrived there, that disappointment to the people of America and ourselves would have been the only result of visiting them at a time when they could not visit us. The next course was to turn to account, this time, the finishing of the vessel, and utilise in a central position the time so occupied by gratifying the interest taken in the vessel by our countrymen. This done, an early opportunity would be afforded the directors of further testing the vessel's sea qualities by a trip to the warm climate of the Mediterranean, which would ensure passengers and prepare the public mind for that complete confidence necessary to obtain all the passengers and goods essential to her complete success, on whatever voyage she might be sent, preparing her also, at the same time, for government employ, if so desired, and leaving the American trip to the more reasonable period of the year for the most complete realisation of their and our wishes. The determination of a final and fixed port of departure will entirely depend on the respective merits of the ports in this country, adapted by position and safety, natural advantages and trade facilities for the vessel."

Mr. Campbell, is the chairman of the company. It is said that she will take troops to the Mediterranean.

A calamitous accident occurred yesterday at Woolwich dock-yard; the bursting of an eight-inch shell—a most unusual thing. I am sorry to add that three men were fatally injured.

Mr. Disraeli presided the other day at the Cheshire Mechanics' Institution at Manchester. He made a long speech on the "Art of Getting on in the World." No man could be better qualified than he. It is like Barnum lecturing on Humbug and How to Make Money. Lord Stanley was also present, and made a short but very excellent speech. This is one of the most rising of all the young peers of England.

A remarkable case of somnambulism happened at Norwich last week. A young lady rose in the night, dressed herself, and walked to a village seven miles off. She was met about six in the morning by a laborer who was going to his work. She was fast asleep. He thought she was mad, and therefore, with singular tact, led her without waking her to his cottage. When she arrived there the warmth awoke her. Her surprise was, of course, immense. It is said that although not a strong person, she felt no fatigue from her long walk, although she was very cold.

John Bull is boasting not a little of the pluck of Admiral Elliott, who put out into the storm a few days ago with part of the Channel Fleet. Eight magnificent screw line-of-battle ships went forth into the tempest, careered around Eddystone Lighthouse, and weathered it without losing a spar or a rope. They steamed in Portland at daylight in fine order. This feat would have made all the admirals in France seashock.

You have, I know, some great rascals as justices in New York and Philadelphia; but I do not think you have so great an ass as Sir Peter Laurie. His conduct lately roused a chorus of groans in a court of justice the other day where he presides. This riotous behavior is not, I know, very unusual in our own favored republic, but here it is quite remarkable.

Aldermen are elected for life in London, and only dismissable by death or misconduct. I must say that, generally speaking, they are a decent set of men. Their only fault is a slight inclination to stupidity in every matter except money-making; they must be rich to qualify them for their position.

Theatrical affairs are becoming quite lively. A new play called "The Master Passion" has been produced at the Princess's. It is, of course, stolen from the French; the great stage carpenters of the world. It was a great success. The scene is laid in Venice, and the period when the council of ten were in all their glory! At the St. James, a new piece called "Cupid's Ladder" has been produced. The chief part performed by Miss Lydia Thompson. A new burlesque on "Romeo and Juliet" was acted for the first time last Monday—the unfortunate Juliet was put into her soporific state, not with opium, but a page of Tupper's poetry. A roar of laughter greeted this joke at the expense of the most pompous and dull of modern bards.

Mr. Sims Reeves has been warbling at the Standard Theatre to

immense houses. Although his recent illness had robbed his voice of some of its strength, it had not touched its sweetness and pathos. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor" anglicised; Reeves playing Edgar and his wife Lucia.

You have, of course, heard of Spohr's death. It was quite tranquil. He had been confined to his bed for eight days, and his complaint was of such a nature as afforded not the least hopes of his recovery. As soon as the melancholy intelligence reached Brunswick, the two brothers of Dr. Spohr—one the father of the Countess Sanerma (better known as the celebrated harpist, Rosalie Spohr), the other assessor of the ducal chambers, both residents—hastened to Hesse-Cassel, and were present at the last services paid to the illustrious master. The funeral of the great composer was marked by many reverential tokens honorable alike to the living and the dead. The Prince Elector of Hesse-Cassel gave orders to his court marshal to arrange the whole of the procession, which was half an hour in length. The Queen of Hanover sent palm and laurel branches to decorate the sarcophagus. The choruses of the funeral were executed by the leading members of the opera and the Grand Ducal chapel. Pupils of Dr. Spohr, scattered over all Germany, arrived at various stages of the ceremony to pay their last tribute of respect to their master—one or two coming from Holland. Dr. Spohr was close upon his eightieth year.

Let me give you an amusing proof of the love the English have for old customs. I cannot do it better than in the following paragraph from the *Times* of to-day. Isn't it absurd? Apropos, some of our New York aldermen are only fit to chop faggots and break stones all their natural life!

Monday, the 31st of October, was appointed at the office of the Queen's Remembrancer, in Chancery-lane, for the ceremony of chopping faggots with a bill-hook and adze, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Moor, in Shropshire; and the counting of six horseshoes and sixty-one nails, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Forges, in the parish of St. Clement Dances. Accordingly on Monday afternoon Mr. Eggleton, the senior and sworn under-sheriff, accompanied by the city solicitor and Mr. Secondary Potter, attended before the Queen's remembrancer, H. W. Vincent, Esq., at his chambers in Chancery-lane, when they were formally introduced by Mr. Panton, the chief clerk, who reads the usual warrants to account for all rents, &c., to do all suits and service, and the ceremony of cutting the faggots and counting the six horseshoes and sixty-one nails was gone through, as the suits and services before mentioned, when the Queen's remembrancer declared the service well performed, which terminated the proceedings.

Let me tell you a good Irish story. The other day an Irish newspaper contained a fabulous sketch of the Marshal M'Mahon, Duke of Magenta, in which there was one good story—of course not true. After the suppression of one of those risings in Monaghan for which the sept of M'Mahon, to do them justice, were always ready on the slightest provocation, the biographer of the French Marshal tells us the lands of the sept were to be confiscated unless the chief would abjure the mass. The survivors were in despair. To lose the land was to lose everything, even the chance of exercising in future the "sacred right of rebellion." The living head of the sept, an aged woman, sent for her priest—"Tell me, father," said she, "what will become of me if I turn Protestant?" "Fire and brimstone," answered the priest. "Fire and brimstone be it, then," replied his pupil; "better an old woman go to hell than the lands of the M'Mahon to a Saxon or a Scot."

Having had our smile with the English and Irish, I will conclude with one at the Russians. It is a good instance of the high value of censorship. One of these official critics struck out of a manual of chemistry—by the way, the first book of the kind printed in Russia—the name of Prussic acid, alleging as his reason for so doing that it was an insult to the emperor for so deadly and virulent a poison to bear the name of the country governed by the uncle of his majesty.

As a sign of the age, last week the Rev. Mr. Waddell, of Girvan, Ayrshire, read from his own pulpit a poetical tragedy, of which he is the author, entitled "King Saul," illustrating the power of madness, superstition and jealousy combined. It is a five-act tragedy, adhering throughout to the narrative as it appears in Holy Writ. I hope the reverend gentleman's example will not prove contagious. Dreary sermons are bad enough, but five-act tragedies—oh!

Yet it is something for a Scotch parson not only to write a play, but actually to read it from the pulpit. Some years ago, Dr. Home, the reverend author of "Douglas," was much censured for being so profane as to write tragedy. The world moves as old Galilee said.

JONATHAN.

FLORENCE DE LACY; OR, QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS. A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John.

Author of "Quadrona," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.
CHAPTER XXXI.

THE next day both Frank Wilton and Cecile de Vaux decided on the same course of proceeding. They would abandon Paris, would purchase a chateau in some charming province, and retire there for the rest of their days.

At all events, such was the decision of Frank Wilton, and Cecile de Vaux had little to say against it.

There was something, however, strange and preoccupied in her manner, which the young man could not fail to notice. Her countenance was pale, she spoke little, and her eyes were fixed upon vacancy.

"Cecile, my dear," he said, after some delay, "what ails you?"

"Nothing."

"Nonsense, my love," he continued, in his most coaxing tones; "tell me the truth."

"Well, then, I am rather unwell. Do you go out after breakfast and see to the business you spoke of. You want to invest your money, I think you said. I will lie down an hour, and then see Docteur Lejeune. If you return at two I shall be ready for a drive."

"Unwell, my love—and would send me away!" said Wilton, with lover-like reproach.

"A headache, the migraine, nothing more," replied Cecile; "quiet is the best remedy."

"As you please," said Wilton.

"Now, do not look so woful, or I shall be obliged to ask you to stop at home. My dear friend, you must have your hours of liberty, so must I. Besides, how about our chateau if you do not attend a little to business?"

Frank Wilton smilingly acquiesced in this view of things, and without further hesitation rose, took his hat, his parcel of bank notes, and was preparing to go.

"Frank."

"Cecile."

"Beware of your English friends. Recollect your promise never to gamble again."

"That promise I will keep. I hold in my hand the key to happiness, peace of mind, and joy unutterable. I will not throw away what has so strangely fallen to my lot," said Frank.

Poor fellow! He little knew how small is the portion of human felicity which arises from money alone, or he would never have made so rash an assertion.

Money is despised only by the rigid philosopher, or by those who affect to reject that which they have no hope of acquiring; but it is a question if it has much to do with positive joy.

"You are right," replied Cecile, smiling. "I can already fancy myself a *châtelaine*."

But the smile was sickly.

"Now," she said, with a sigh of relief, as she saw him close the door.

"Victoire!" she cried.

Her *soubrette*, smirking and smiling, appeared, as if by magic.

"My mantilla and darkest veil," she said, hastily.

"Madame is going out," said the girl, raising her eyes.

"Obey," replied Cecile, tartly.

The well-disciplined maid at once did as she was directed, and in a few minutes Cecile was tripping down-stairs, so disguised that even the jealous eye of love would scarcely have succeeded in detecting her individuality.

Meanwhile, Frank Wilton was strolling along the Boulevards, in the direction of a well-known bankers'. He was certainly a little puzzled by Cecile's manner, having fully expected her to accompany

him, but not the faintest breath of any suspicion had crossed his mind.

He was not sorry, too, to feel the bracing effects of a walk, while at the same time he revolved in his mind his plans for the future.

It was eleven o'clock when he reached the bankers, and entered their office. A clerk rose with that politeness which is so characteristic of the firm to which he allude, and offered him a chair.

At that instant another superior in position came from an inner room, where he had been attending on some customers.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said the clerk, in the blandest of accents.

Constant collision with the wealthy and great appears to give these gentlemen a singular amount of polish.

"I wish to invest some money in the funds—in the French funds," added Frank Wilton.

"Certainly, sir; how much shall we say?" continued the clerk, taking up a form.

"Rather a large sum," said Wilton, with a smile, "five hundred and twenty—"

The clerk himself smiled dubiously.

"Thousand francs," added the other.

The clerk almost rose from his chair; great use alone enabled him to cloak his emotion.

"You said, sir—"

"Five hundred and twenty thousand francs," continued the capitalist, laying the notes on the desk before the clerk.

"Sir," said the clerk, handing him a slip of paper, signed simply with his own initials, "if you will call the day after to-morrow the coupons shall be ready for you. What name?"

"I will leave them with you at present; I can draw on the interest."

"We shall require a power of attorney to receive your dividends," said the bland clerk.

Lieutenant Frank Wilton in ten minutes rose the possessor of dividends which, at the low rate of stock at that time, gave him an income of over twelve hundred pounds per annum.

Certainly, there was a very considerable amount of enjoyment to be had out of such an income; but what was that to the calm and rational happiness which he left behind him, even in that very building?

Scarcely had the door closed than the urbane clerk crossed the floor of the bank to the private room, holding in his hands several bank notes, which he had received from the cashier, and which he handed with many profound bows to a young lady, accompanied by an elderly gentleman.

"That was Lieutenant Francis Wilton," said the elderly gentleman, tartly.

"Yes, sir."

"May I, as his father, request his business here, Mr. Sarjeant," continued the elderly gentleman, in sharper accents at every word he uttered.

"To invest some money," replied the clerk, with a low bow.

"Whew! to invest—surely you are jesting, Mr. Sarjeant."

"I never jest in business hours," said Mr. Sarjeant, with a low bow.

"Mr. Frank Wilton has invested over half a million."

The gentleman resealed himself in his chair, looked at his companion, who was deadly pale, and, perhaps, moved by her pallor, rose again, and went out of the bank without saying a single word.

"Odd old gentleman, very," said the head clerk to the head cashier; "seemed vexed at his son's prudence. Can't make it out. Deuced pretty girl, though."

"Why, in the name of all that is diabolical," cried Mr. Wilton, as they got into the carriage, "what has the boy been doing—robbing a church?"

Poor Florence could make no reply.

"I see it, I see it; the young rascal has been breaking a bank."

"Sir!"

"You don't know what I mean, girl. He has been gambling and has come off successful. If so, how many human miseries does that fearful sum represent!" said Wilton.

"But gamblers, sir, I have heard," urged the poor girl, "do not invest money."

"That is the infernal, Machiavellian and worst part of the whole business. He knows he has nothing to expect from me any more, so he has hoarded his savings to do us battle."

"You surely would not wish your son to suffer the pangs of poverty?"

"Yes, I would."

"Sir!"

"I would! I would! I would! That would bring him to his senses, open his eyes to his undutiful, unfilial, vile and disgraceful conduct. It would bring him to our feet!"

"To yours, sir; never to mine," said Florence, gravely.

There was not a selfish thought mingled in all the regret that the noble young girl felt for what Frank Wilton had done. She sincerely wished him every happiness, but she doubted if happiness was to be found in the course he was adopting.

"But now he has, at one tremendous sweep, made himself independent of me and of his profession, the abominable, worthless, disgraceful young—"

"He is your son, sir," replied Florence, mildly.

"So he is; and may I not abuse my own flesh and blood to my heart's content?" said the other, testily.

"No, sir; let us rather seek to reclaim him to the path of honor and virtue, which will never be done by anger."

"Tut, tut, child. Here we are at the hotel, and I dare say your friends will soon be here to take you to the Louvre."

He said this as if glad to change the subject; for, stoic as a man may be, firm as may be his resolutions, there is a resounding claim in the character of child which few hearts can entirely resist.

What mother, worthy of the name, ever refused her love even to the erring offspring of her bosom?

Florence de Lacy, who had accepted the proposed party to the Louvre wholly out of good-nature, sighed, and alighting from the carriage, went up to dress.

It was two o'clock when they reached the Louvre.

Meanwhile Frank had come home, and before long, Cecile came out to meet him from her room. Her cheeks were still pale, but a strange fire flashed in her eyes and a joyous smile illumined her countenance.

She was ready, dressed to go out.

"Going out?" said Frank, with a smile.

"If you like," replied Cecile; "it is a grand day at the Louvre—everybody in Paris will be there."

"Won't it be very inconveniently crowded?" replied Frank, in the most matter of fact tones.

"You know what I mean," cried Cecile, with a joyous laugh; "all the world worth seeing."

"Oh! you mean the fashionable world," said the young man.

"Exactly. So just attend to your toilet; for I am waiting."

Frank was not long dressing, and going down-stairs, they entered a carriage and drove to the Louvre.

It was an exhibition of modern paintings, and, though costing the nation some money, it was, as nearly all such exhibitions are in France, a gratuitous exhibition.

Being, however, a week day, the gallery was not so inconveniently crowded as it is on the Sabbath.

Frank bought a catalogue, at which Cecile smiled; for the least of her reasons for coming was to look carefully at the pictures. She came to walk about, to pass the time.

She was speedily, however, undeceived.

Frank had considerable taste for everything refined and beautiful, so that he sooner did his eye fall upon anything worthy of notice than he would pause and point it out to his companion by his side.

Cecile had never heard anything but the platitudes of men who think it fashionable to fall into ecstasies over pictures, platitudes which she had heard to nausea.

Frank Wilton, however, spoke with taste and judgment, and, what was more, perhaps, to the purpose, with deep feeling of the beauties of certain landscapes, of the human form divine, of the admirable subjects selected for some of the pictures, until Cecile listened with perfectly charmed ears.

A sigh as faint as the softest wind that ever shook summer rose leaf made Frank Wilton start. He dared not turn just then, for a secret instinct told him what it was, but he hurried over to another picture, and then, affecting to read the description in the book, turned his eyes slowly round.

Fortunately for him Cecile had disengaged her arm from his to address some fellow artists who were advancing to meet her, and whom she did not want to introduce to the English officer.

It was, as he fully expected, Florence de Lacy, but what he did not expect—it was Florence de Lacy leaning on the arm of the Marquis de Longchamps, whose supercilious and triumphant air galled him to the quick.

With an affectation of hauteur and unconcern, the handsome nobleman was indulging in some of the most commonplace observations relative to the exhibition generally, interspersed with caustic reflections on the passers-by.

"You observed that light-haired Englishman who just walked away with an actress on his arm—he wants the something which makes the foreigner and the travelled islander look so elegant. A month or two in really good society would rid him of all that youthful *gaucherie*."

"The gentleman you indicate is the eldest son of my guardian, whom you saw this morning," said Florence.

She shook so as she spoke that she required the support of his arm. She leaned, to all appearance, tenderly on him, which made the blood rush to Wilton's face.

"A thousand pardons, my dear Miss de Lacy," said Mr. Burke, in an apologetic tone; "I really was not aware—"

"There is no harm done, Mr. Burke."

"Then pray introduce me."

"I cannot. Mr. Frank Wilton and myself are—are—are not friends."

"Let us change the subject," said Burke, who writhed at the thought that the young man he hated and scorned had not only carried off a prize in a few hours which he had strove to win for years, but still possessed a powerful hold on one he had marked out to restore his fallen fortunes.

He knew enough to suppose that Florence de Lacy was a pecuniary stumbling-block in the way of Stephen and Adelaide.

But he knew that the reputation of the young man was comparatively in his power, and he determined to spare him as little as possible.

The stern and stealthy look with which Frank regarded them convinced him also that, whatever his feelings towards Cecile, he had not wholly cast off the old affection.

But it was poor Florence who suffered most. Despite all her bravery, she could not gaze upon the man to whom she had given her virgin heart with that degree of cool philosophy which his own father endeavored to inculcate.

Reason is all powerful in everything but love; the tender passion is an impulse of the heart, the most divine and impalpable of influences, and is not to be caught by any rules or regulations. It is as idle to apply logic or rhetoric to the movements of the feelings, as it is to attempt, once it is launched, to guide the course of a sky rocket.

It is hard, when once a maid has given her whole soul up to a man, to look indifferently on while that man is devoting his attentions to another.

It is hard, while the heart is beating wildly with softening memories, to raise the eyes coldly to the sight of the once loved one pouring his blandishments into the heart of another.

It is hard, in a word, to forget the past, however much reason and pride may tell us it is just and proper to do so.

A picture was before Florence. It represented a shaded avenue, near an ancient chateau of Bretagne, with the mellow light of Heaven falling softly through the trees and illumining the forms of a fair girl and stalwart soldier, whose arm supported her timid steps, and whose lips were evidently whispering of love. The half-averted head of the girl told plainly that she listened with pleasure. There was a warmth of coloring in the picture which spoke of summer, and Florence fancied that she could hear the birds singing joyously, and could smell the perfume of the flowers as they trod upon the sward, rising in rich fragrance.

It carried her back a few little months, scarcely more than six, when she, too, wandered with him in the shrubberies of Ashhurst House; their only sorrow, their only regret, that their love was clandestine.

It was too much for poor Florence, who turned away to gaze at some oriental scene of strife, with which she could have no possible sympathy.

Mr. Burke, or the marquis, noticed her agitation, and frowned darkly for an instant. Then, with his usual cunning, he proceeded to converse upon indifferent topics.

Cecile had been in conversation with her friends for a few minutes, then returned beside Frank Wilton, whose pale face, rigid attitude and compressed lips attracted her attention.

She followed his eye, and saw Florence in the act of turning away on the arm of the marquis.

A cold shiver passed through her whole frame.

"Again!" she muttered.

She made no remark, however, to him.

Cecile had suddenly awoke from a dream. All in her position are doomed to do so sooner or later. Some remain blind to the truth longer than others, but there is an awakening for all.

In the brief hour, while the tempest of early passion sweeps airocco-like over the soul, the opinions of the world, the laws of society and the dictates of religion are alike forgotten. But when reason begins, however slightly, to resume its sway, no woman who has trusted wholly to a man's love but feels how frail is the tenure.

The heart of Frank Wilton was clearly not wholly her own. There were regrets welling up to his truant heart, and the sight of her upon the arm of the marquis had added fuel to the raging flame.

"It is very hot—let us go home," said Cecile, quietly.

"With pleasure," replied the young man, starting from his reverie. And, taking her arm, he advanced farther into the gallery.

"I said that it was very close and I wished to go home," said Cecile, very gently.

"Certainly, my dear," continued the unfortunate young man, to whom the sight of Florence on the arm of another, and that the reprobate Marquis de Longchamps, was bitter as gall and wormwood. Cecile made few other remarks, even when they were seated in a carriage and were whirling along the Boulevards.

Frank Wilton's pleasant feelings had not been improved by the sight of honest John Jinks, with Mary Hakewell on his arm, gazing half sorrowfully, half respectfully at him as he passed.

When they reached the apartments of Cecile de Vaux the actress burst into tears, and cast herself upon the other's bosom.

"My Cecile," he said, tenderly, "what is the matter?"

"You love her still; what is to become of poor me?" she sobbed out.

"No," said Frank, passing his hand across his brow; "no, it is not that I love her; but I do feel grieved to see her throw herself away upon a worthless fellow like the marquis."

"She will never do so if she ever really loved you," said Cecile.

"She may be influenced. I declare to you, Cecile, that I have no thought of her for myself; I am yours, wholly yours; but I still bear for her sufficient of what I may term brotherly affection to wish to save her from misery—that is all."

"Nothing can be easier done. The marquis is an impostor. He is an Irishman of the name of Burke; marquis is a title he has given himself."

"But how to prove it?"

"Write to them; they can easily make inquiries."

"I will not write; they would only return my letter."

"Go, then, and denounce him in their presence as an impostor."

"It shall be done," said Frank, catching her right hand in his, and pressing it warmly.

Cecile uttered a shrill cry and fainted.

Victoire rushed into the room, and proceeded to restore her mistress, while Frank hastily removed a handkerchief, which hitherto he had failed to notice as wrapped round her gloved hand.

What was his surprise to find a bandage round her wrist, from which the blood was oozing.

"Fetch a doctor!" cried Frank.

"No," whispered Cecile, faintly; "I am better."

"But, in heaven's name, what is it?"

"Give me my *fleur d'orange* and go," continued the actress.

The maid obeyed, and retired—behind the door.

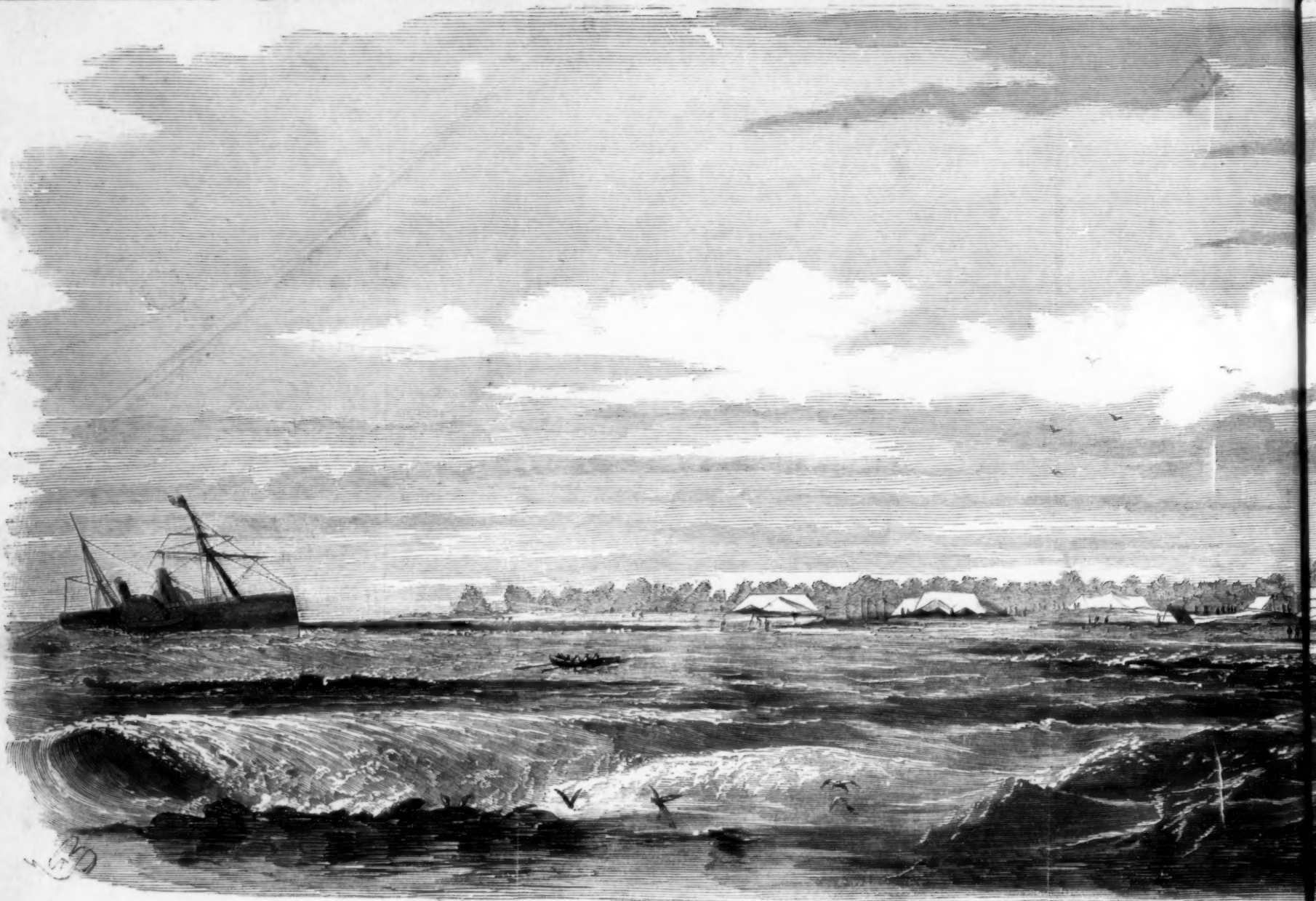
"Explain this strange mystery," cried Frank; "that is, if you can."

"There is nothing the matter," said Cecile, smiling. "It was but the pain. So listen, and you shall hear why I sent you out alone this morning."

But as the explanation was a long one, and was so often interrupted by exclamations from our hero, we prefer giving it in our own words.

(To be continued.)

A *Cruel Hoax*.—A scamp, named Taylor, lately sent a despatch to his wife, in another name, announcing that he had fallen from the Albany steamer into the Hudson. Delighted with the news, the fair lady went out to bury the dead, and claim his baggage. When she arrived at the Hotel where the bogus correspondent said the body was, she was shown into the room, where, instead of seeing his corpse, there stood the living man grinning before her.



1. Hospital.

2. Committee Tent.

Landing Place

3. U. S. Tent

THE DISASTER TO THE NORTH STAR, U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP, OF THE VANDERBILT

HON. W. F. HAVEMEYER.

The portrait of the Hon. William F. Havemeyer, which we present this week, will be pronounced by all who know him as admirable in outline, correct in the delineation of his character, and perfect in final resemblance. It was taken especially for our paper by the celebrated photographer, Gurney. The present municipal excitement has again brought Mr. Havemeyer prominently before the public, and as the office for which the party seek our suffrages is one of vast importance to the interests of the community, we have thought a biography of this gentleman—who is the regular nominee of the Democratic party—would not be irrelevant to the time and the occasion.

New York, the metropolis of the Union, with a population of nearly a million of souls, with mercantile interests of incalculable value, and an endless variety of responsibilities entailing upon the proper administration of its mechanism, the head of which is the Mayor, is certainly a subject of interest to every thinking mind, and the selection of a representative to fulfil the obligations entailed upon him should be a primary consideration with every citizen of the metropolis. What we desire is an impartial ruler, one who will dispense the gifts of his office with unflinching justice, and with the sole aim of serving the interests of the public, of which he is the representative.

The office, in the possession of such a man, would dignify our position and elevate us in the respect of our sister cities, to whom we should be an example.

The past actions of men in general is a good test of their future conduct. For these reasons we have placed the portrait of William F. Havemeyer in our paper; we know that he has proved in all his mercantile, political and social relations, a man of unsullied honor, and the strictest integrity of character. With these preliminaries we subjoin the following biography.

The father of Mr. Havemeyer was born in the small town of Buckeburg, in the Principality of Schwaburg Lippe, Kingdom of Hanover, and was brought up to the business of sugar refining, then in its crude infancy. When yet a young man he had attained such a high reputation for skill and integrity, he was sent for by a large establishment in London, which was placed under his charge, and where he continued some years, winning the respect and esteem of all with whom he was brought in contact.

Having, by dint of strict economy, saved a sum, about fifty pounds, we believe he conceived the idea of emigrating to this country, which he soon carried into effect, and landed here with the small capital remaining from his savings after paying his expenses out. He soon found employment, but seeing a better chance for advancement, he boldly entered upon the business alone, starting in Vandam street, on the site now covered by the magnificent building since erected and carried on by his son in the same business.

William F., the eldest son, was born in this city, about the year 1810, and at an early age was sent to Columbia College, where he graduated with distinguished honors. Soon after leaving college, he went with his father to learn the business, which had now grown large and profitable, and had there the advantage of those precepts and examples which had won for the father the honor and esteem of all.

Warned by the advance of years, his father retired from business, the subject of our sketch be-

coming the purchaser of his interest; from that time he commenced a system of prudence, economy and integrity in the management of his business which brought him to the notice and honor of

the business men with whom he was brought in contact, and he was soon ranked among the most honorable and successful merchants of the city.

The limits of our sketch will not allow us to follow in detail the career of Mr. Havemeyer from the time he made his entrance into public life. As a member of the Democratic General Committee, his opinions were received with the respect due to his far-reaching capacity, and his advice almost invariably followed with successful results.

In 1845 he reluctantly accepted the nomination for Mayor, and was triumphantly elected. His administration of the duties of that office was marked, as had been every act of his life, by the strong principles of honor, integrity and unwavering fidelity to the duty he had assumed, and the interests of the entire community. It was during his first year of service the old municipal police was established, and only those who are familiar with the character of the duties thus imposed upon him can imagine the arduous and trying nature of his labors to secure only the best men for the then responsible place of policemen. The careful scrutiny which every nominee received from him enabled him to select only the best men, and many are the instances in which men proposed to him for appointment, and whose antecedents did not justify their filling the place, have been brought to tears by the manly way in which he appealed to their feelings on assuming the responsibility of their appointment, and such have been among the very best men in the department.

So honorable and successful had been his administration, that he was earnestly solicited to consent to a renomination, but having positively declined, was succeeded by the Hon. John F. Brady.

In 1849, much against his inclination, and at great personal sacrifice, he consented to serve again, and was again triumphantly elected.

His second term, like his first, was marked by an administration which reflected no less honor on the city than on himself, and it was with deep regret the community learned on the expiration of his term, when the nomination was again tendered to him, that he had most positively declined. In 1857 he again received the nomination from all parties who were desirous of having our city honorably governed, but again peremptorily declined. He has now been induced to reconsider his determination so often expressed, and for reasons given in his manly straightforward letter of acceptance has consented again to become a candidate.

To those who are permitted to know Mr. Havemeyer as he really is, it is almost unnecessary to say one word concerning him in private and social life, and those will agree with the writer of this imperfect sketch in the assertion, that no man living has stronger or more devoted personal friends, and such as could only have been won by the most striking qualities of heart and mind.

Surrounded by a large family and in the possession of ample means, he lives handsomely but not ostentatiously, despising outward show and parade. In his home he is genial, social and warmhearted, and most thoroughly democratic in his treatment of all alike, from the mechanic to the banker, either of whom is received and treated with uniform courtesy and kindness.

In his official relations he is stern and unyielding in the discharge of duty, but ever, if possible, leaning to the side of mercy. He is equally accessible to the poor and rich, and during his terms of office no man, rich or poor, could assert with



HON. WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE MAYORALTY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK FOR 1860-61.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.



4. Astor House.

5. St. Nicholas.

6. Stephens House.

7. Metropolitan.

8. St. Andrew.

ANDERBILT'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. TO CALIFORNIA.—FROM A DRAWING MADE ON THE SPOT BY MR. AGNEW, ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE SHIP.

truth that any complaint was unheard or unattended by him.

With such a man at the head of our government, our citizens may yet hope to see light through the darkness which now hangs over us, and we are sure we echo the wish of a large majority of order-



THE DISASTER TO THE NORTH STAR.—THE ROUGHS FIGHTING FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE WATER BUCKETS.

loving citizens, and of all who can appreciate honor, worth and integrity, when we say we hope to hail his election by such a majority as will show to Mr. Havemeyer how gratefully his past services are appreciated, and how hopefully the community looks to him for the future preservation of their interests and our city's honor.

THE DISASTER TO THE NORTH STAR.

For many days during the early part of the past month, a feeling of great and growing anxiety pervaded the whole country in consequence of the non-arrival of the North Star. It was known that she had a vast human freight on board, consisting of nearly nine hundred souls. From every quarter of the world, each succeeding day brought new and fearful intelligence of terrible storms and heart-rending calamities at sea, and the public mind was wrought up to a pitch of intense excitement for the safety of the North Star, for every one of those nine hundred souls on board had relations or friendly connections all over the country, anxiously and fearfully awaiting for any news which might determine their fate and end this state of miserable suspense.

For several days the public press, with an assumed confidence, endeavored to assuage the anxiety of the public, but as day after day went by, their tone grew less assured, until at last a list of the passengers on board the missing ship was published, which to many hearts was a tacit acknowledgment that hope had almost died out. But joy trod quickly on the heels of care, and a few magic words speeding along the electric telegraph caused a shout of gladness to go up from ten thousand hearts. The North Star and all on board were safe, after much danger, tribulation and suffering.

The North Star, the United States Mailship, left her dock October, 20th, bound for Aspinwall. She had on board eight hundred and seventy-five passengers, all told, including the officers and men ordered to Panama to relieve others of the Saranac. The weather was fine and the sea smooth for twenty-four hours, when the winds and waters arose, and there were several hundreds of the sickest sort of individuals on board the North Star that ever went down to the great sea in ships. After passing Cape Hatteras the weather became warm and the sea smooth, and Saturday evening, the 22d, was passed in singing and dancing, and a joyous and confident feeling pervaded the whole of that incongruous family brought by circumstances together. Speculations as to how much they would beat the "Opposition" were rife on board, and many engagements

were made, based upon a rapid voyage, without one fear of what might be reserved for them in the mysterious future. The Sabbath passed in orderly observance of the day, but Monday brought with it a rough sea and cloudy weather, so cloudy indeed, as to preclude the possibility of taking an observation by the sun. The evening did not clear up, and during the night the ship was run slow, as by the reckoning at noon she was supposed to be not more than one hundred and twenty-seven miles from the Marquesa Islands. At midnight the rain was so thick that the vessel was laid to for an hour and a half, when the rain having ceased she was given headway again, Captain Jones feeling confident that the islands were passed, and the sea was quite free. The captain's calculations were however wrong; sufficient allowance had not been made for drifting while running slow and laying-to, for at twenty minutes to four on Tuesday morning the vessel struck on one of the French Keys called Plana Island. At the time of striking, the ship was almost three quarters of a mile from the beach. The captain, who had been on the look-out all night, had but just left the deck to take some refreshment.

The ship had scarcely struck when all the passengers rushed on deck, pale with terror and anxiety. The excitement, however, soon ceased when the position was seen and the probable safety of all



THE DISASTER TO THE NORTH STAR.—ARRIVAL OF LIFEBUOY BOAT.

explained, though much surprise was expressed on all hands that the island had not been observed, as it was already twilight. It was at once decided by the officers that the ship must be lightened both of coal and passengers, they deeming it probable that when thus relieved she could be backed off from her unpleasant and dangerous position. Immediate preparations were made for landing the passengers, but as there was a heavy sea running at the time and the surf was breaking furiously on the beach, the task was one of considerable danger and difficulty. The gallant crew of the *Saranac* manned the boats and commenced their labors by first taking off the ladies and children, then the men, and afterwards mattresses, bedding, provisions, &c. The landing was effected without the loss of a single life, which speaks volumes for the daring intrepidity, skill and judgment of the gallant tars and their no less gallant and efficient officers. After the passengers, &c. had been safely landed, the crew of the *North Star* devoted the rest of the day to the further relief of the laboring vessel, by throwing overboard vast quantities of coal. Meanwhile, an anchor had been carried out astern to prevent the ship from working further on the reef.

As soon as the passengers landed, the various characteristics of the people began to display themselves. The prudent and orderly went to work to erect tents and prepare comfortable places for the ladies and children. Others, like children let out of school, roved hither and thither over the island, picking up pieces of coral and searching for curious things to bear away with them as mementos of their great adventure in the Gulf Stream. Others again were more rude and obstreperous, and were only kept within bounds by the calm and decided attitude of the majority of the passengers.

Plana Island is the uppermost or most northern of the French Keys, lying in north latitude 22.41 west longitude 73.27.

To the extreme left of our sketch is the most northern part of the island, which is about three miles long and one or one-and-a-half miles wide. It is a barren, desolate place, consisting of a formation of coral rocks and sand; entirely destitute of vegetation, with the exception of a thick growth of scrub and cactus; without a drop of fresh water, except what accumulates in holes in the rocks after a shower of rain. Its only inhabitants consist of rats about the size of a rabbit, and innumerable quantities of black lizards, from four to six inches in length.

The tents, which were got up at the earliest possible moment, were erected under the supervision of Mr. King, sailmaker of the *Saranac*, and proved a most welcome protection from the rays of a tropical sun. Even amid the anxieties consequent upon the situation, the spirit of fun and good temper prevailed, and the ready adaptation of people of all States to the folly of the moment was exemplified in the naming of the several tents after the favorite and popular hotels of New York.

The first tent to the left was used as a hospital for the sick, of whom there were about eighteen, caused by exposure to the sun and drinking salt water. The second was used as a committee tent, for the equal distribution of all food and water sent from the ship. The committee was composed of twenty good determined men, chosen by the passengers, with a sub-committee of forty to aid them in preserving order and protecting the property of those unable to do so themselves from the pilferings of unprincipled thieving wretches, a few of whom were unfortunately among the passengers. But after the organization of the "Vigilants," with Major Fritz, of California, as chairman, things went along smoothly enough. The line directly in front and to the right of tent No. 2 was used as the dividing line between the public and private grounds. Here the passengers were all mustered three times every day, for their rations of water and provisions, which were sent from the ship as regular as though nothing had occurred. Mustering in at the right hand passage they would pass by the front of the tent, receive their allowances, and pass out at the left—thus avoiding all confusion, which would have occurred had every one been allowed to come at once. The ladies invariably had the preference, and it was amusing to see them march up in pairs, receive their rations, and back again to their different hotels (as they were styled), to eat and eat with as much nonchalance as they would at their own tables at home.

Farther along to the right was tent No. 3, called the United States tent, being erected for the reception of the mails and baggage in case of extreme necessity. But there was no use for it for that purpose, and it was given up to the ladies. Between Nos. 3 and 4 two small tents were erected by some of the passengers, and styled private dwellings.

Next in turn is No. 4, known as the Astor House, which together with No. 5, called the St. Nicholas, were occupied by ladies. The next, No. 6, the Stevens House; No. 7 the Metropolitan, and No. 8 the Fifth Avenue Hotel, were all occupied by men. These tents were all christened and familiarly known while the people remained on the island by the names above given. The small tent between Nos. 6 and 7, and the one to the extreme right, were occupied by a party of Italians, who amused themselves by hunting rats and preserving the skins.

All were as comfortable on the island as circumstances would permit. The chief inconvenience was the want of a spring of fresh water, and although there was a large supply on board, as it was uncertain how long it would be before the vessel was got off or assistance would arrive, it was deemed prudent to use it as sparingly as possible. This was assented to without a murmur. There was an ample supply of provisions, and there were no grumblers but those who had not been accustomed to live half as well at home.

The days were not without their incidents of excitement. At one time the persons sent out with water and provisions to children and mothers were in their rounds disturbed by a burly Irishman, who was disposed to help him elf. He was resisted; and, meeting with disappointment, got together a clique for the purpose of making a descent upon one of the tents that they supposed had stores of liquors in; and in the event they succeeded, they were next to take possession of the provisions and tent.

The committee were apprised of their intentions, and were, therefore, on the alert for any emergency. The parties became aware of the vigilance, and concluded it would not be safe for them to make the attempt.

On the 28th, one man, who had been the ringleader in every discontented movement, was quietly tried and sent on board the ship. He had been a source of annoyance to the committee ever since they had been on the island. It was his practice to try to intimidate those who were sent around the camp by a display of his knife and threats. This day he interfered as usual, and was disposed of as stated. He was received at the boat by Lieut. Field, of the United States Marines, taken on board the ship, and put to work heaving coal.

Later in the day a report was circulated that one of the lady passengers had increased the population of the island. Dr. Sey and some others immediately started out in search, and after a little while were met by a Dutchman, who said, "he thinks he know vat dey want." He was eagerly questioned about the health of the mother and child, and one green one asked him how old the baby was, to which the Dutchman replied, "About one year, I tinks." The party acknowledged the sell without a murmur.

One correspondent describing the daily life on the island, says: "The day (Sunday, Oct. 30) was not spent in going to church, but the morning and evening were used in walking along the beach. During the day the heat was almost intolerable. With but few exceptions all are enjoying themselves comparatively well. Our ladies deserve great credit for their courage, and womanly dignity with which they bore all; I could not help but think occasionally that many of them looked upon our exile as a delightful romance. There was a necessary abandonment of formal rules that some of the young men enjoyed hugely. For instance, the ladies and gentlemen slept in the same tent and in the same room. Their toilets were performed together, each after their own style. Many of the ladies went to the beach, and by wading a short distance, used the

Atlantic as a wash bowl, while others, less ambitious, were satisfied with a wash in a pool."

A disagreeable incident occurred on the first day. Two fellows, in their rough and tumble to get to the buckets, came in contact with each other. One, thinking the other encroached upon his rights, drew off and knocked him down. The fight was a hard one, closely contested, and, after having been parted three times, the man that "struck Billy Patterson" got badly whipped.

All this time they were busy each day on board the ship, endeavoring to back her out of her unpleasant position, a brief description of which will be in place here:

"She first struck an outer reef about a mile from shore, passing over it and grounding on a coral bed within half a mile of the beach. The precise time the ship first struck was about half-past four A. M., it not being daylight until after five o'clock. As soon as day broke, Captain Jones with a boat's crew made a survey around the ship, taking soundings and finding out the true position, and what were the prospects of getting afloat. He found plenty of water on both sides aft of the paddle-wheels, and the ship afloat aft, the whole trouble being forward. A survey was then made of the reef, when it was discovered we had passed through a narrow channel or passage not more than one hundred yards wide—the only place on the reef for a mile either way that we could have gone through and grounded where we did. On either side at the bow or stern, and within fifty yards of the ship, sharp, jagged-looking rocks stuck their heads up, seeming to laugh at and mock us in our unfortunate position.

For three days, from the 20th, attempts were made to drag her bows off the reef, but without success. But on October 30th, the coal was all out and the captain determined to try and float the ship at half-past ten P. M., at high tide. One of the passengers thus describes the operation:

"Several of the passengers, myself included, have been permitted to remain on board and see what success the attempt meets with. In the meantime, Mr. Foster, the first officer of the ship, Mr. Miller, boatswain of the *Saranac*, with the aid of their crews, have placed two large spars at the bow for the purpose of helping to raise the vessel forward. A chain cable, with anchor attached, is run out about one hundred yards from the stern to help heave the ship off. At ten P. M., everything being in readiness, the engines are set to backing, the men to heaving on the anchor, and the attempt made. The first proved unsuccessful. A second and third were made, attended with more success. The ship had moved about twenty feet astern, when work for the night had to be stopped, owing to the falling of the tide.

"October 31st, every one in good spirits, being certain their efforts will be crowned with success at high water. At ten A. M., everything being in readiness and a gentle swell setting in from the sea, the word is given to commence operations. The engines are set to backing, the sailors to heaving on the anchor, and at half-past ten A. M., to the tune of Yankee Doodle from the fife boy of the *Saranac* and amid the deafening chorus of the sailors, the noble ship *North Star* slid from her rocky bed and was once more afloat in her native element—to all appearances as good a craft as she was before going ashore. And what a cheer was echoed back from shore, no one but those who heard can imagine it. At one P. M. the ship was clear, outside of the reef and once more in deep blue water. Everyone was now in good spirits at the prospect of a speedy release from what had been to us all six long days and nights nothing much better than a prison. At two P. M. the work of embarkation commenced, and by dark the ladies and children, through the supervision of Lieutenant Field, were all on board safe and sound, without the least accident. Operations had then to cease until morning, it not being considered safe to land through the breakers.

"At daylight operations were again commenced, and by twelve at noon all were aboard and the ship under way for Fortune Island, in search of Lieutenant Brain of the United States frigate *Rosokoe*, Captain Wright, and five men belonging to the crew of the *Saranac*, who had started on the morning of the 26th in an open boat, for Fortune Island, sixty miles distant, to obtain assistance, and if possible, send word to New York concerning the ship. After a hard pull of thirty hours they had reached the island in safety, and there we found them, at ten P. M., the night of November 1st. After taking them on board, the ship was headed for the French Wells, about twelve miles from Fortune Island, for a supply of water. After getting water, the ship was again put on her course, this time for Kingston, Jamaica, where we arrived the morning of the 5th of November. After stopping at Kingston twenty-four hours and taking aboard a fresh supply of coal and provisions, we again got under way, and this time for Aspinwall, where we arrived at two P. M., November the 8th, just nineteen days from the time we left New York."

And thus ended, without the loss of a life or a single accident, a casualty which in the beginning seemed fraught with imminent danger, and which was only avoided by the coolness of the captain and his officers, the steadiness and obedience of the crew, the patience and determination of the majority of the passengers, and the indomitable courage, devotion and energy of the officers and crew of the *Saranac*. All deserve the highest praise, but these last, these noble volunteers, to them be all honor and their due share of well earned glory. The conduct of the united officers and sailors is beyond all praise; it is true they only did their duty, but it is something to do one's duty thoroughly, and instances like this will give confidence to those who travel by sea, and confidence much needed after the many fearful catastrophes which have occurred within the last two or three years, from culpable negligence and a want of coolness.

The officers of the *Saranac* are Captain Ritchie, Lieutenants Watkins and Field, and Boatswain Miller.

The gallant conduct of Lieutenant Brain, United States Navy, cannot be too warmly extolled. He volunteered with a boat's crew of the *Saranac* to go to Fortune Island, sixty miles distant, for assistance. He went, and this devoted crew rowed thirty-six hours incessantly, and immediately on reaching the island despatched some wrecking boats to the assistance of their suffering companions. A correspondent describes this incident and its results as follows:

"And now let me say a few words as regards the assistance sent Captain Jones from Fortune Island. It consisted of four boats, containing about thirty negroes, styling themselves wreckers.

"A more motley, thieving-looking set of rascals one could not well picture from imagination. After arriving at the vessel they refused to do anything either to help the passengers or ship, saying they had come there to wreck the vessel, and they would wait until she went to pieces, then they would make more money than they should know what to do with. They said after the ship had been got off, 'Ah, captain, we have lost you; but we make the next one who comes along pay for both!' Now, are not these pretty specimens of English subjects? and they are licensed by the English Government to carry on this nefarious business. But as my remarks have been extended, and as you have most of the leading points of interest, I will close this sketch with a few remarks concerning the officers connected with the *North Star*. To Captain A. G. Jones our heartfelt thanks are due for the efficient and seamanlike manner in which he released his ship from the precarious position in which she was placed, and landing us all safely and without loss of life at Aspinwall. Mr. Foster, his first officer, has stood by him from first to last, and has proved himself to be an able seaman, and one who stands at the head of his profession."

THE MYSTERY OF KNIGHTRIDERS;

OR,

THE HAUNTED MANOR.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.—PERILS OF THE ROAD—THE ATTACK ON THE TRAVELLER—ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION—THE MASKED ROBBER.

In order to the due understanding of the events of the strange and fearful night succeeding the desolation of Holly Tree Farm, it is necessary that we should give a slight sketch of a piece of scenery that was to be found between Knightriders and Exeter.

The spot which was familiarly known as Ferry's End, and that at which the farm servant of John Miller was to meet him on his

return to Deep Hollow, where his wife and Anna were sheltered, was as romantic and singular a place to be inland as the imagination could conceive.

By some of those inexplicable convulsions of nature, which we may look upon now not as aberrations from the ordinary laws that govern the universe, but as express conditions, tending to the perfection of a system which shall, in its details, be wanting in nothing that can make it one great design, the earth had become upheaved in a most remarkable manner, so that low-lying rocks had in a mass of wild confusion, been thrown to the surface, and a vast deposit of marine shells had been discovered, which significantly pointed to the fact, that at some far-distant period that spot, now far inland, had been the bed of surging waters.

A little stream, too, which at times was saline in its taste—that is, in very dry weather, when it was not largely added to by the surface rains—trickled out from the depths of a mysterious cavern; and take the place altogether, with its heaps of huge rocks, its deep hollow and dells, its grassy slopes, and its mingled vegetation, it was full of beauty and full of mystery.

A road, that was only barely wide enough to allow a couple of country carts to pass each other, and which was never used for the regular traffic of a high road, wound through this wild and romantic pass, and twice crossed, by rustic bridges, the little stream that wandered its way amid the upheaved mass of various strata that created the diversity of scenery on the spot.

This road was the one commonly used by all the farmers on the country side, on their journeys to and fro, when Exeter was their destination: it was considerably nearer than the old coach road, and passed closer to many of the homesteads that flourished in that portion of the shire.

To be sure, there were many who would have gone twenty miles about, or passed the night in the city, rather than have ridden through the pass by the Ferry's End after nightfall, but they constituted the more timid portion of the community.

Farmer Miller was a man of different mould. There was a blunt English antagonism about his character that probably would have induced him to take that road in preference to any other, had he been convinced that it was the most dangerous.

And now the night is making itself felt in its actual presence over tree, and stream, and rock, and wood. The sun is far away, glistening upon wild savannahs of Australia, or lighting up the tree tops in the luxuriant woods of New Holland, and not a wandering ray is upon our island home.

There is a scud of clouds in the night air, which only now and then, in a half-coquettish, wayward kind of way, permits the fair face of some bright star to peep down upon the world; and there is a hushing, murmuring sound among the trees that has about it an autumnal feeling, and suggests the fall in myriads of the last leaves of summer.

The air is cool and vital too. In the valleys lies a mist, about the height of a man, white and opaque, and a deep stillness is upon the face of nature.

This deep stillness, though, is but of short duration in the spot to which we conduct our readers.

In the wildest part of the pass, near to the Ferry's End, and close to one of the little bridges that span the stream we have mentioned, there suddenly appear many moving forms; at least they look many, as with dimmer shadows accompanying them they emerge from some cavernous recesses in the wild mass of rock, gravel, chalk, alluvial soil and sandhills that are mingled together in such picturesque confusion there.

The stream is making a soft brawling kind of a sound, as it battles its way over an obstruction not far from the bridge, in the shape of a mass of fallen stones. One person stands on the entrance of the bridge: he can only be faintly distinguished from the night-air around him, but he is making some motions with his arm which seem to be understood as signals, for six dark-looking forms gather around him.

There is a low voice, that only became very distinct and clear from the absolute stillness around—a stillness that the murmur of the trees and the trickling noise of the stream, owing to those sounds being continuous, did not seem to disturb. He spoke.

"More work to-night," he said. "Where will it be?"

"Elm Leys," said a voice.

"That is well. When?"

"One hour from midnight."

"It is that time now."

"Then in the east there shall be a light, as a beacon in the sky; and it shall grow to a mighty flame," said another voice.

This voice sounded mystical and awful in the night air; for the speaker could not well be distinguished out of the six who were surrounding the tall figure on the bridge.

"Hush!" said the latter personage; who seemed to be a sort of leader among them. "Hush! It is well not to say too much, and in such a strain. Are all precautions taken?"

"All."

"No one," said the mystic sort of voice—"no one shall see the blood of the ancient race beneath the disguises that this skill can adopt. No one shall guess that Cain's kindred are the doers of the deed; and that they evoke the spirit of flame to do their work. But oh! Mahate, look thou that the word of promise to the people be duly kept. Look thou that when thou art in a high place, the refuge is with thee; that thy little kingdom is the city of resort; that thy wealth is to flow like water from a fountain for the people; or for one of them."

"Do you doubt me?" said the man on the bridge.

"No."

"Speak, any and all of you. Do you doubt me?"

"No," said the whole six, one after the other.

"Then why speak to me thus? Am I not one of you? Have I not the mark of the race? Who shall doubt me? Ah!"

"Behold!" cried the whole six at once.

They turned in a particular direction, and so did the man on the bridge. It was towards the eastern part of the heavens; and there, about perhaps a couple of miles from where they stood, there appeared at first a dull red glare in the sky—then a brighter glow; and presently there shot up a huge sheet of beautiful flame, which each moment seemed to break loose from the fuel that fed it, and make its way skywards, and then to be followed by another and another.

The fitful glare fell upon tree, and field, and stream; and far off as these persons were who stood upon the little bridge, there fell too upon them a faint radiance, and each one cast a distinct shadow upon rock and stream.

A death-like silence pervaded the little throng of persons, and they could almost fancy that, distant as the fire was, they could hear the surging roar of the flames.

Then suddenly there shot up, like some brilliant firework, millions of sparks into the air, and following them a tall white flame that looked fierce and crisp, and rose to an astonishing height, only suddenly to collapse and fall, as if quenched by the mandate of some power that should cry out to it, "Begone!"

This sort of conflagration was repeated, at the lapse of a few seconds between each, about eight times, and then the man on the centre of the bridge said, as he waved his arm, "There go the corn-cricks of Elm Leys. They looked brave and rich when the sun went down. It will rise again, but on a mass of smouldering ashes."

"Do you hear the flames?" said one who had been stooping down with his ear placed near the surface of the ground.

At this moment a twittering, chirping sound from some of the awakened birds in the trees close at hand broke the stillness of the spot. The glow of the fire had touched and tinted faintly the top-most leaves of the trees, and they had fancied the morn at hand. Then there was from afar off the unmistakable shout of men; and the party on the bridge crouched down and were completely hidden amid the thick herbage and many deep shadows of the spot; but

they could see through a vista that the caprice of the convulsion of nature had left among the upheaved strata, a number of dark figures rushing over field, hedge and ditch, from the direction of the fire.

They passed on, did this throng of persons, like figures in a dream, and were soon lost to sight. By the dim light, though, that the flames cast, it might be seen that they had the ordinary attire of agricultural laborers; and when they could no more be seen, the man on the bridge spoke again.

"That is well done," he said. "Who will suspect the 'people'?" The work is done at Elm Leys. What is for to-morrow?"

"Southend."

"And then?"

"The Holmes."

"It is well. There is not a homestead—not a stackyard—not a rick in all Knightriders but shall mount in fire, till the country side shall be a desolation."

"A horse!" cried one, suddenly.

"To work!" To work!" said the man on the bridge.

With a quick, but silent movement, like so many spectres, the six persons disappeared; and he who had stood on the centre of the bridge sprang off it and disappeared in the cavernous recesses of the rocks.

On a strong horse, which made its way at a hand gallop over the narrow roadway, and seemed capable of overcoming more than ordinary obstacles, the man who had to meet Farmer Miller at Ferry's End rapidly approached the narrow pass that wound over the stream and between the rocks and slopes of the place we have described.

The effect of the strong potations which Hackets had induced him to indulge in was sufficiently manifest in the reeling and uncertain manner in which he kept his seat. Indeed, it seemed a perpetual series of miracles that he kept his seat at all; for one moment he would be low on the horse's neck, and the next so far back that it was a wonder he was not prostrate in the roadway. Then again he would bow his head so low on one side that every one would imagine him intent on some curious and close examination of the stirrup, and that overbalanced he certainly would be.

And yet he did not fall, but swaying about in this fashion, and with the idea vaguely in his mind that he was expected at Ferry's End, and that his duty was, when there, to form a sort of escort to his master, this man was carried onward by the horse, who certainly, in the present posture of affairs, was by far the most respectable and intelligent animal of the two.

Not one of the six persons who had been on and about the bridge so short a time previously could now be seen; and the light from the distant conflagration had nearly died away, as this man plunged into the depths of the lowest hollow or dyke which was now between him and the point of road called Ferry's End.

The horse slackened his pace of his own accord for a few moments; for the white mist we have before mentioned was apparent in this hollow, although not so thick as in the meadows, on account of its rocky character. So soon, however, as the eyes of the horse got a little accustomed to the atmosphere and to the place, the creature seemed to be possessed with the notion that it would be best to get upon higher ground again as soon as possible.

With a bound, then, that nearly unseated its rider, the horse plunged forward, and dashed at a much increased speed along the narrow roadway.

There was one spot at which a huge mass of irregular heaped-up rocks rose to the height of about sixty feet, while, on the other side, some dense foliage contributed to the intense darkness of that portion of the route. The horse, with his ears thrown back and some show of flurry in his gallop, sped on; and the rider was away to and fro on the saddle, when, suddenly, as if shot down, came both horse and rider, rolling over and over on the loose stones of the road.

The horse raised a strange cry, which echoed far and near in the pass, and the rider, with a gasping sob, rolled over on to his back, and lay as if dead. The horse struggled to his feet, and made two or three frantic bounds forwards, and then, by some sudden feeling or instinct, homewards it turned, and at a furious pace went back on the path it had come, and was soon out of both sight and hearing.

Then, like six shadows, there came out from the masses of the rocks the men we have already introduced to the reader, and the voice of the man who had stood on the centre of the little bridge was heard.

"Remove him at once; the time grows on apace. Run up the road, one of you, and lie down and listen for the tramp of horses' feet the other way."

One of the dark shadows fleetly sped away in the direction of Exeter.

"Is he dead?" added the leader of the six men.

"Yes," said one.

"There is yet breath," said another.

"Away with him. Place him on the bank of the stream, half in the water, but don't drown him. It is a common accident, and will be received as such; a drunken man riding on a dark night—a fall and the horse goes home. He is stunned, and found on the road-side."

There was a busy movement on the part of the shadowy forms that remained on the spot, and they lifted the body of the fallen man from the road, and bore him away into the shadows of the rocks, and thence by a sloping path to the brink of the little stream. With no more ceremony, then, than as if he had been so much inert matter, they cast him down, letting him fall as he might, and letting his limbs arrange themselves in any manner they chose.

Then there came the low hooting of an owl from some distance up the road, in the direction that the scout had been sent, and the man who had given orders cried out, "Time! time! It is time!"

"My horse! Quick! I hear the gallop on the road. He comes! Do your work well!"

"Suddenly, then, as if by magic, there shone just within a cavernous recess, which could not be seen by any one on the road either way, a faint light, but in the circumscribed space in which it shone it did its duty well, and it exhibited, taking the times as modern ones, as strange a sight as one could well expect, even in that place of mystery, to see.

On the steed that had carried Lord Templemore to the old mansion at Knightriders sat a man, whose attire was so completely of the age gone by, that he looked more like some old portrait that had started from its canvas instinct with life, than a being of that present age and fashion.

This man was attired in the fashion of the extinct knight of the road, or highwayman of the beginning of the last century. He wore a scarlet coat with huge cuffs and lappels, on which glittered a profusion of somewhat faded embroidery and lace. Horsemen's boots reached to the knees, and nearly hid the buckskins that covered his limbs; a broad lace cravat was a prominent feature in his costume, and the three-cornered hat he wore was looped with a diamond, and had a faded scarlet feather in it, waving on one side in a rakish fashion. Heavy holsters were attached to the antique saddle he sat on, and over two-thirds of his face was a mask, to the lower edge of which hung a piece of black lace quilted and full, so that recognition was impossible. Some curling masses of rather fair auburn hair, that showed themselves beneath his hat, constituted the only individual feature by which this man could have been described.

That, too, might be but a part of the make-up for the purpose of disguise.

By his side hung a short sword, the hilt of which was profusely ornamented in silver, and his hands were covered with accurately fitting white kid gloves, that were more than half hidden by the rich lace ruffles that depended from his wrists.

"All well?" said this strange-looking cavalier, as one of the men now, who presented, as the light fell on him, the unmistakable gipsy type, walked slowly round the horse and rider.

"All well!" was the reply.

The light was on the instant extinguished, and a double darkness seemed to fall upon cavern, wood, tree and stream.

Again, then, the hooting sound, in imitation of an owl, came from the scout, who was in advance upon the road, and then the strange highwayman of the olden time sallied forth; and at a trot which took him quickly clear of the pass and out into the more open country, he went on his way.

Then the five men who were left in the defile commenced what constituted their share of the night's work, and from what they now did it will be easily understood how it was that the horse and rider, who had already attempted to pass that way, had fallen to the ground with such precipitation.

Around the strong stem of a plane tree, on one side of the narrow road, was fastened one end of a stout rope about three feet from the ground. The rope then was carried by its other end into one of the cavernous recesses, where it was some half dozen times coiled round a strong stake well secured in a deep hole in the rock.

The rope so arranged could be released in a moment, but it would be quite impossible for any horseman to come upon it at any pace whatever, from a walk to a gallop, without a fall.

"Forward, then," said one; "and listen for the horn!"

One of the dark figures ran on in the same direction that the horseman who was so singularly attired had taken, and the others hid themselves about the spot in the many deep shadows that made such a process easy, and all was still and calm, as though no danger could possibly lurk about the wild place even at the stillest, dreariest hour of the night.

Farmer Miller had been successful at Exeter. A man of high repute for honest dealing—a man whose word was ever his bond, he found no difficulty in procuring so considerable a sum that the rebuilding of the homestead of Holly Tree might be at once commenced, and all go well.

He was bold to a degree, was John Miller, and although he started from the old city with a thousand pounds in notes and gold in his possession, he had no fear of any possible danger that might assail him on his road to the temporary home he and his family had found in the little farm-house of the brothers Reve. His sturdy English spirit upheld him, and he would not arm himself against any attack that might be made upon him. True, he had taken the precaution to order his man to meet him on the road, for he knew that there had been some mysterious robberies on the way through the Ferry's End hollow; but he thought that a sufficient recognition of the fears of his family for his safety; and when he started from Exeter, mounted on a powerful horse, and with a heavy leaden-ended riding-whip in his hand, he did not greatly care if he had to take the whole ride alone.

But still, on approaching the corner of the little wood, which went by the somewhat eccentric name of Ferry's End, there being no pretensions to anything in the shape of a ferry there, John Miller drew rein, and looked about him.

"Ah!" he said, "this is the alehouse's doings, I could swear. He is a good servant, but a pot of ale be his master in face of all others, and he is not here."

The wind moaned and sighed through the little wood that was close at hand, and a strange feeling of he knew not what—he would not call it alarm—began to gather around the heart of John Miller.

"I afraid?" he said; rather translating his own feelings than showing them. "I afraid? No, no! not that yet. He should be here, though; and two make company through the dell. How odd it be, now, that this night of all others I should have my thoughts full of the dear wife, just as she was eighteen years ago; a maiden, with tears and blushes, and pretty little ways, when I told her I loved her. And back, too, go my thoughts to my father's home, and I seem to see my mother, and such crowds of little matters of my own boyhood—childhood, too—come over me, that I can't make it out. My dear Anna, too—my own little one—I recollect, when first they placed her in my arms, and I saw the little sparkling eyes, that had only looked upon the world one hour. How my heart felt swelling then! How dark the night is! Hush, hush! What's that? A horse's feet! My man—my man! He is coming! I am glad of that! No! What for? I afraid?—I, John Miller? No, no! I wish he would come now! I will push on and meet him! I suppose I can't be well! I feel so weak! It's the fire, and my dear, darling child's danger, that have shaken me! That lad shall have her—Walter Reve—God bless the lad!"

With a strange feeling, both in heart and brain—a kind of dizzy half faintness, half nervous emotion, which seemed as if it took him far away from this world and all that might be akin to it, Farmer Miller pursued his way towards the defile, where, if he escaped one danger by the way, a deadlier one awaited him.

More than once he had seen, as he left the city of Exeter behind him, that livid light in the horizon, which he could not doubt arose from another of those calamitous conflagrations which seemed to be spreading like a pestilence, from homestead to homestead, and to be making the country side a scene of despair and desolation.

And more than once the idea had crossed him—that idea which, no doubt, was sought to be engendered by the incendiary fires—that it would be, after all, a happier and safer thing to betake himself, with all that he loved, far away from that spot, and seek safety if not so much happiness, elsewhere.

But there was what might be called a pride of heart about Farmer Miller, which forbade him, for long, to entertain this notion. He had, with hard-earned savings, the fruits of industry of the better portion of his life, saved the money by which he had made the homestead and the broad and fertile fields of Holly Tree Farm his own; and no wonder, then, that he clung to them with an earnestness that rather increased than diminished with the difficulties of his position.

Pale, very pale—so pale, if he could but have seen himself, or if those who loved him could but have seen him, that both he and they would have been alarmed—he took his way, and, with a stately sort of half gallop, the horse obeyed the instincts of the rider, and commenced the descent into the deep, dark, hollow, at the lowest portion of which ran the little stream we have mentioned, and stood the bridge from which the mysterious highwayman issued his orders to his active and shadowy myrmidons.

A quarter of a mile, perhaps scarcely that, had been traversed by John Miller, when he reached a spot that was nearly shut in by tall trees on either side, a grateful spot for the tired traveller on a sun-scorching summer's day, but not one to covet in the dark night that now loomed and hovered about the land.

Then the horse reared for an instant and came down heavily on his fere feet again, and shook as with a strange terror; and Farmer Miller was aware that some one was riding by his side in the darkness.

It was just a shadowy something that looked like a horse and rider that he could see; but he averted to the furthest limits of the road, and in a shouting voice he cried, "Hilloa, friend, who are you that ride so late to-night?"

It never for a moment occurred to him that this might possibly be the man he had appointed to meet him, so he addressed the almost apparition-like horseman at once as a stranger.

"John Miller," was the response, in a deep, sepulchral voice; "John Miller, I will prophecy to you!"

"To me?"

"Ay, to you. You may strive and hope, but there are two things that will never come to pass."

"Many things, I dare say. But what be they?"

"You will never again sit by a fireside reared on Holly Tree Farm; and your daughter, Anna, will never be the bride of him to whom you have given her."

"You seem to know me," said the farmer; "and to know a something of my affairs as well as of my thoughts."

"I know all. Halt!"

The farmer's horse winced again in alarm; and then a very strange movement on the part of the stranger horseman at once put

John Miller in remembrance of what, on more than one occasion, he had been told at his own fireside and derided as a fiction, bred by fear and fostered by the love of having an extraordinary story to tell.

The stranger horseman, either from one of the capacious pockets of his broad-skirted coat, or from some hiding-place about the cumbersome saddle of his steed, took out a lantern, and, by a contrivance that would present no difficulties, hung it on his breast, and then suddenly removing its slide, a broad gleam of light of a beautiful blood-red color shone through a powerful lens of that tinge, and lit up horse and rider and all the old costume with a startling brilliancy.

The scarlet coat, with the broad flaps and wide cuffs, and lace, and embroidery; the rich lace ruffles; the tight-fitting kid gloves; the hat, and the rakish-looking feather and the glittering diamond which set off its looping; the mask and the full lace fall that was to it; the boots; the sword; and the huge holsters; and the horse itself, which looked, beneath that strange light, fit supernatural steed for a supernatural rider, all shone in the dark night air with a lustre and a startling aspect that might well strike terror into even as stout a heart as that of John Miller.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

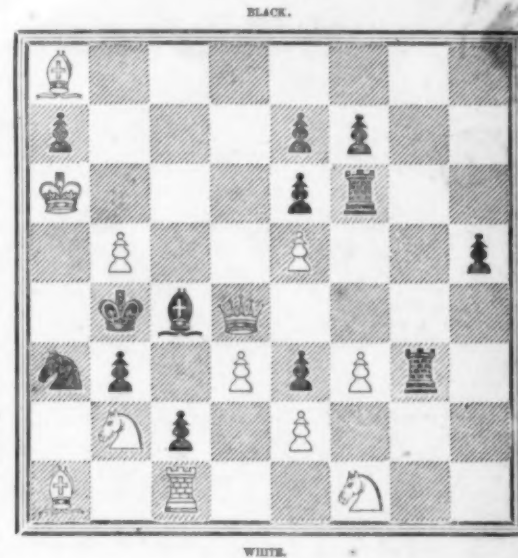
All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2496, N. Y. P. O.

MORPHY CHESS CLUB.—The following from St. Vincent's College speaks for itself:

"Dear Sir,—A Chess Club has been lately formed at this College, numbering about twenty-five active members. On its roll are found the names of several of the most distinguished of the Faculty. None of the members can be termed strong players; but if perseverance is sufficient to make a strong player, I think this Club will boast a couple before the year is over. Being all admirers of the vanquisher of Harrwitz and Anderssen, we have named the association the 'Morphy Chess Club,' hoping that we shall not disparage the fame of our great namesake. The following gentlemen were elected officers: Brother Meinhold, President; Mr. J. S. Rademacher, Vice President; and Mr. Thos. Maloney, Secretary. We remain, dear sir, yours respectfully, THE CLUB."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—N. J. H. Mass. We supposed your name was on the exchange list; will inquire into the matter.—M. M. B. Columbia Co., Pa. The solutions will be very soon all published.—N. C. R., Philadelphia. Your request has been complied with. As regards the other matter, it is not under our control.

PROBLEM No. 220.—By S. LOYD. White to play and checkmate in three moves.





WRECK OF THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL STEAMER ROYAL CHARTER, ON THE COAST OF WALES, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1859.

THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

SINCE the wreck of the Arctic there has been no more frightful shipwreck than that which it is our painful duty to illustrate this week.

The storm of the 26th of October was one of the most frightful tempests that had happened for years. Its violence appears to have been on the coast of Wales, although it extended, more or less, over a great part of the British and St. George's Channels. It is said that ninety-three vessels were totally wrecked, and above five hundred stranded or greatly damaged. The crowning horror of this hurricane, however, was the loss of the Royal Charter, which took place on the north-east coast of Anglesea, on the morning of Wednesday, 26th October. She was an iron vessel of about two thousand seven hundred tons register, and two hundred horse power, worked

by a screw. She belonged to Gibbs, Bright & Co., of Liverpool. She had made a remarkably rapid run from Australia, from which place she had sailed on the 26th of August, with three hundred and eighty-six passengers, and a crew of one hundred and twelve, making in all just four hundred and ninety-eight souls.

On the morning of Monday week she passed Queenstown, and thirteen of the passengers landed in a pilot-boat. The next day the Royal Charter took on board from a steam-tug eleven riggers who had been assisting in working a ship to Cardiff. The ship had on board but a small cargo. A more important item of her freight was gold and specie, which at the lowest estimate is put at £500,000. On Tuesday evening there was blowing from the E.N.E. a violent gale, which fell with full force on the ill-fated ship. She arrived off Point Lynas at six o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, and for several

hours Captain Taylor continued throwing up signal-rockets, in the hope of attracting the attention of a pilot. None made his appearance. The gale increased in violence; the ship was making leeway, and drifting gradually towards the beach. It was pitch dark; no help was at hand. The captain let go both anchors, but the gale had now increased to a hurricane, and had lashed the sea up to madness. The chains parted; and, notwithstanding that the engines were worked at their full power, the Royal Charter continued to drift towards the shore. At three A.M. she struck the rocks in four fathoms of water. The masts and rigging were cut adrift, but this gave no relief. The ship continued to grind and dash upon the rocks. The screw became foul with the drift spars and rigging, and ceased to act. The consequence was that the ship was thrown broadside on to the rocks, and now the terror began. The officers of the ship either hoped against hope, or endeavored to alleviate the agony of the passengers by assuring them there was no immediate danger. A Portuguese sailor, Joseph Rogers, conveyed a rope on shore through the heavy surf. Had time been given, no doubt every person on board could have been safely conveyed on shore; but one tremendous wave came after another, playing with the Royal Charter like a toy, and swinging her about on the rocks. She divided amidships, and well-nigh all on board were swept into the furious sea. A few minutes afterwards she also parted at the fore-hatch, and then there was an end. Those who were not killed by the sea were killed by the breaking up of the ship. In the course of a very few moments the work was done, and four hundred and fifty-nine persons were numbered among the dead. It was about seven A.M. on Wednesday that she broke up. It is said by those who visited the scene of the calamity that never was destruction more complete. The ironwork of the vessel was in mere shreds; the woodwork was in chips. The coast and the fields above the cliffs were strewn with fragments of the cargo and of the bedding and clothing. Worse still, the rocks were covered with corpses of men and women frightfully mutilated, and strewn with the sovereigns which the poor creatures had gone so far to seek, and which were now torn from them in so pitiless a way.

The following is the narrative of one of the rescued passengers: On Tuesday night, when the gale became so strong, opposite the Skerries, the ladies and many of the passengers became exceedingly nervous. For my part, however (says the narrator), I had such confidence in the captain, officers and ship, that I went to bed at ten o'clock. I could only doze, and was aroused in an hour or two by the fearful storm. I heard a voice in the cabin crying out, "Come directly, we are all lost; I will take your child; come along directly!" The voice was that of Captain Withers, a passenger, who had lost his own vessel in the South Pacific. I jumped out of bed and opened his cabin door, but all were gone from there. Hastily putting on a few articles, I ran upon deck. The ship bumped heavily two or three times against the ground. On going into the general saloon, I found it crowded with ladies and gentlemen in the utmost state of tremor. Families were clinging to each other; the young children were crying piteously; whilst parents were endeavoring to soothe them with cheering hopes. The Rev. Mr. Hodze, a Church of England clergyman, belonging to East Retford, instituted a prayer meeting, and a great number of passengers fervently participated in the service. The ship struck, however, so fearfully, and the huge waves came down upon her with such tremendous



THE CAÏTAÏQUE USED AT THE BRODERICK FUNERAL PAGEANT.—SEE PAGE 13



EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE, CAPT. ROBERT COLEMAN, PROPRIETOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY, 707 BROADWAY.—SEE PAGE 14.

force, rushing into the cabins through the skylights, broken by the falling rigging and hatches, that all became absorbed in the idea of personal danger. All tried to soothe the ladies and children. Captain Withers came into the cabin, remarking, "Now, ladies, you need not be at all afraid; we are on a sandy beach, and imbedded in the sand; we are not ten paces from the shore, and the tide will leave us dry; and in ten minutes you will all be safe." Dr. Hutch, a Government medical officer, also cheered the passengers. Captain Taylor came down afterwards to give encouragement, and he made a similar representation, which had the effect of greatly allaying the excitement. Great order was consequently kept on board. At half-past five o'clock the bumping went on worse than ever, until at last the water came rushing in. When daylight began to peep I was knocked by the force of the waves with great violence against the side of the saloon, and the screams were now dreadful. It was impossible to know what to do. I went on deck, but with the greatest difficulty maintained my equilibrium. At this time a great sea came against the broadside, and divided the ship into two, just at the engine-house, as one would smash a pipe-stump, and the sea washed quite through her. The two parts "slewed" round, and became total wrecks. Parties were carried down with the debris, and as many must have been killed as drowned. Having made up my mind that I had best jump overboard on the lee side, I attempted to descend by a rope, but fell deep into the water, which was so thickly strewn with portions of the wreck that I had to open up a passage with my head. I was repeatedly thrown ashore, and as often washed back, until some people on shore managed to rescue me. By this time I was almost worn out and insensible.

The death of the captain is thus described by one of the survivors: He was last seen giving orders on deck, with a spar lashed to him, so as to be prepared to float. Another minute he was washed overboard. While passing under the lee-side of the ship, a boat fell from the davits and struck him on the head. He was then seen no more. He was a gallant sailor, and had won the goodwill of all on board by his courtesy and seamanlike conduct.

In connection with this terrible casualty, we are glad to record that Joseph Rogers, the seaman of the Royal Charter, who plunged into the waves and swam ashore with a rope round him and made the same fast to the



CAPT. ROBERT COLEMAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY, 707 BROADWAY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 14.

shore, by which he rescued twelve seamen and riggers from the ill-fated vessel, was, on Tuesday afternoon, presented with the sum of £5 by the Committee of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society, as a mark of their appreciation of his gallant conduct on the occasion. The amount is small, but the testimonial to his gallantry is equally conclusive.

THE BRODERICK OBSEQUIES.

The procession in honor of the late Senator for California, Mr. Broderick, took place on Sunday, the 20th November, and although not so numerous as had been expected, was a most imposing tribute to the memory of one of those self-made men which give such force and character to the American name. Many of the principal buildings in the city displayed flags at half-mast, to testify respect for a departed statesman. The Metropolitan Hotel had three very beautiful flags flying all day.

At one o'clock those who were to take part in the procession began to assemble in Hudson and Christopher streets, but it was half-past two before the cortege commenced to move through Hudson street to Fourteenth street, then Broadway, down Broadway to the City Hall, up Chatham street to the Bowers and Fourteenth street to the University Building. This was reached at half-past five, when the chapel was crowded. It was, however, soon discovered that the Rev. Mr. Newman, who had promised to read the prayers was absent, owing to the objections of his congregation. This ceremony was therefore dispensed with, and Mr. Dwinelle proceeded to deliver the oration, which lasted for about an hour. It was very laudatory of the deceased Senator, and an exceedingly able composition.

THE EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

This extensive and splendid establishment is situated on the corner of Baltimore and Eutaw streets. It has been entirely remodelled and decorated throughout, is capable of accommodating 300 guests, and is replete with every convenience. Under the care of Robert Coleman and Son, it is useless to tell our readers that it will be the Hotel of Baltimore. Mr. A. B. Smith, late of the St. Nicholas, where his courtesy made him universally popular, will have supervision of the office. This engagement will secure all travellers from New York for the Eutaw House.

The situation of the hotel is elevated, and commands a view of the entire city, its harbor and of the surrounding country. The dining-room is capable of accommodat-

two hundred persons; there are spacious reading-rooms where all the principal journals of the country may be found, and, in fact, everything necessary appertaining to a first-class hotel.

ROBERT COLEMAN, ESQ.

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of this land and even over the water, Robert Coleman Esq. is known and beloved. He may be considered the most popular hotel proprietor in this country. For nearly sixteen years and during the palmy days of the Astor House he was chief proprietor, and it is due to him to state that he was the introducer of the peculiar American characteristics which attaches to our hotel system. We insert his portrait as a souvenir to his friends, and they will at once recognize its truthfulness.

Uninterrupted success in life is a rarity, and though Captain Coleman, after years of application to business, succeeded in amassing a fortune, reverses overtook him, and he saw the fruits of his hard earned labor pass away from his possession. During the many years of his hotel administration at the Astor, he enjoyed the friendship of such men as Webster, Clay, &c. When reverses overtook him his friends came manfully to his rescue, and he, in conjunction with his son, Frederick Coleman, bought an interest in the St. Nicholas; a favorable opportunity offering, he assumed the proprietorship of the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, in the spring of the present year; and he and his son have now taken the Eutaw House at Baltimore. Captain Coleman is in a fair way of retrieving his fortune. No man is more widely respected or has warmer friends. He counts them among all classes of society, and the fact of his well merited success will be hailed with sincere pleasure in every part of the Union.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

A "CANNY" TRICK.—On their return from Baltimore the members of the British Association stopped at Banchory. Here, at the railway refreshment saloon, they found plenty to eat and drink. On asking the price of any article the inquirer was informed, "Oh, sir, everything is to be paid for afterwards." From this reply, and from the fact of the persons in attendance declining to take any money there tendered to them, it was supposed that this entertainment had been provided at the expense of the Association. This, however, proved to be a mistake; for when the company was seated in the railway carriages a man came round and demanded and received one shilling for every cup of tea or coffee consumed, and sixpence for one or two biscuits. On being remonstrated with for this excessive charge, and for the manner in which the ladies and gentlemen had been thrown off their guard, he coolly said, "We have not the British Association here every day!"

THERE is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

"WHO IS HE?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; he can give no account of himself." "Of course not," said the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

DEAR LAURA, when you were a flirting young miss, And I was your dutiful swain, Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss, Your frowns would o'erwhelm me with pain; You were dear to me then, love; but now you're my wife, It is strange the fond tie should be nearer, For when I am paying your bills, on my life, You seem to get dearer and dearer!

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a bow, and are in a quiver till they get one.

A CERTAIN IRISHMAN received for his labor a one dollar bill on one of the Ohio banks, on which he was obliged to lose ten cents discount. The next day he was passing down Maine street, and saw a dollar bill lying on the side-walk, on the same bank, and gazing on it he exclaimed: "Bad luck to the likes of ye, there ye may lie; devil a finger will I put on ye, for I lost ten cents by a brother of yours yesterday."

SOMEBODY SAYS, "A wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "and without any sauce."

A STORE UMBRELLA.—"Will some of you take care of me and let me get under your umbrella? My cloak cost ten shillings a yard," shouted a lady last Sunday, in the porch of one of the chapels on the Tyne, the congregation having been dismissed during a violent shower. "Have you no umbrella of your own, ma'am?" said a young woman who took her under hers. "Yes," replied the lady, "I have one at home that cost me eighteen shillings twenty years ago; but I set such store upon it that I dare not use it."

THE customers of a country cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits, and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and ordering but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bung-hole, to which he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."

THERE is a man at Oxford, England, who lives so fast that he is now absolutely older than his father, and it is thought that he will soon overtake his grandfather. His mother—a quiet, elderly lady—has left behind long ago, as well as two old maiden aunts.

A WRITER of the last century quaintly observed that when the cannons of the princes began war the canons of the church were destroyed. "It was," said he, "first mitre that governed the world, and then nitre—first Saint Peter and then saltpetre."

"Mr. Captain," said a son of Erin, going on board a vessel in the port of Cork, "you looked so much like the mate that I too" you to be the cook. Will you be after lending me the loan of your broadaxe to saw an empty barrel of flour in two to make my cow a hog-pen?"

A MAN was taken up for stealing some valuable fancy ducks, and after a description of them, the prisoner's attorney said, "Why, they can't be such a rare breed, for I have some of them in my own yard." "Very likely," said the complainant; "I have lost a good many lately."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Never fear, dear, the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," added he: "when he was in England no one thought it worth their while to kick him."

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The New York Tribune.

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The "irrepressible conflict" between Darkness and Light, Ignorance and Progress, Slavery and Freedom moves steadily onward. Isolated acts of folly and madness may for the moment give a seeming advantage to Wrong; but God still reigns, and the Ages are true to humanity and Right. The year 1860 must witness a memorable conflict between these irreconcilable antagonists. The question—"Shall Human Slavery be further strengthened and diffused by the power and under the flag of the Federal Union?"—is now to receive a momentous, if not conclusive answer. "Land for the Landless versus Negroes for the Negroes" is the battle-cry of the emboldened Millions who, having just swept Pennsylvania, Ohio and the Northwest, appear in the new Congress, backed by nearly every Free State, to demand a recognition of every man's right to cultivate and improve a medium of the earth's surface wherever he has not been anticipated by the State's cession to another. Free Homes, and the consecration of the virgin soil of the Territories to Free Labor—two requirements, but one policy—must largely absorb the attention of Congress through the ensuing session, as of the People in the succeeding Presidential canvass; and, whatever the immediate issue, we can not doubt that the ultimate verdict will be in accord at once with the dictates of impartial Philanthropy and the inalienable Rights of Man.

Having made arrangements for fuller and more graphic reports of the doings of Congress, and of whatever else transpiring at the Federal Metropolis shall seem worthy of public regard, and having extended both our Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, and strengthened our Editorial staff, we believe the TRIBUNE may safely challenge a comparison with any rival, whether as an exponent of principles or as a reliable mirror of the passing world. Essentially, THE TRIBUNE will be what it has been, while we shall constantly study to improve its every feature, and "make each day a critic on the last." The general verdict of the Press and the Public has affirmed the success of our past labors, and those of the future shall be characterized by equal earnestness and assiduity.

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Are chartered in the States of Delaware and Georgia, and have sworn Commissioners appointed to superintend their drawings, and certify that everything connected with the same is done in a strictly honorable manner. They offer to the public a fair opportunity for investment, the interests of parties at a distance being well protected as though they were present. The Managers would respectfully call attention to the fact, that all persons have a legal right to send orders for tickets to Delaware or to Georgia, as the Lotteries of

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The Leading Two Dollar Magazine.

ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE

FOR 1860.

VOLUMES XV. AND XVI.

EDITED BY

T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend.

DEVOTED TO SOCIAL LITERATURE, ARTS, MORALS, HEALTH, FASHION AND DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The Publishers, in offering their programme for 1860, have the pleasure to announce the completion of a series of arrangements, by which the HOME MAGAZINE will be rendered valuable and attractive far beyond precedent, and placed still further than heretofore out of the reach of competition by any periodical of the same price.

ELEGANT STEEL PLATES,

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK, FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED SUBJECTS,

will be given regularly. These will form a gallery of NEW AND EXQUISITE HOME PICTURES, each worth the price of the number containing it.

The Magazine for 1860 will be considerably increased in size, thus adding to its value by a large addition of reading and embellishment.

In the January number will be commenced a new Story, by T. S. Arthur, entitled

"AFTER THE STORM."

Miss Townsend will continue to furnish, regularly, those charming stories and exquisite picture sketches which have heretofore been the delight of so many readers; while

Writers of the First Talent and Reputation

will give their best efforts to the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE, which ever aims at the highest excellence. Besides its carefully edited LITERARY DEPARTMENT, a portion of the Magazine is devoted to subjects of special interest to the Home Circle. It has

A HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

A MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A TOILET AND WORK-TABLE DEPARTMENT.

A BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S REPOSITORY.

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&c., &c., &c.

In order to meet the wants and wishes of a very large number of ladies, particular attention is paid to Toilet and Needlework matters.

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From Six to Eight Pages of Needlework Patterns, Drawings of Clocks, Mantles, Robes, Capes, Bonnets, Caps, Collars, Shippers, Head-dresses, Under-vests, Children's Dresses, &c., &c., &c.

Thus furnishing

Styles of Dress and Patterns for Embroidery in an almost endless variety, to the extent of more than a hundred pages during the year, and including several hundred different designs and figures.

From the beginning, the aim of the Publishers has been to furnish at the lowest possible price, a Magazine that, by means of a choice literature, should do a good work in homes and social circles everywhere, and their success, so far, is of the most gratifying character. It is seen, as well in the warmly outspoken words of approval and cheer that come to them from all directions, as in the steadily increasing circulation of the Magazine from year to year.

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Four persons, by joining in a Club, can procure the HOME MAGAZINE for a year at the trifling cost of \$1 25 each.

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It is not required that all the subscribers to a Club be at the same place.

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The January number will be ready, as a specimen, by the 1st of December.

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Medical, &c.

Brandreth's Pills

ARE growing more in favor with the public. It is now conceded they are the best purgative yet put forth from the world of medicine. The time will surely arrive when they will supersede all other purgatives whatever. The ingredients of which they are composed can scarcely be obtained by druggists or the makers of other pills. Dr. BRANDRETH has them grown and prepared with-out regard to the expense. And this care to make a superior purgative is appreciated, as the sales indicate. Other purgatives are dragging a flickering existence, and yet they may have some merit. But BRANDRETH'S PILLS are safe and sure—safe, because they operate solely on impure humors. No valuable fluid is touched; only effete or worn-out material, which, when taken out of the body, leaves it stronger. They are as pleasant as a truly effective medicine can be. To say that they will not sometimes give pain would not be true, but the pain they give is only because they remove those crude and bad humors from the blood which are the occasion of disease. They open nature's avenues, and this cannot always be done pleasantly. It is true you may take purgatives which will operate without pain, because they take the balsamic parts from the blood, which is worse than being bled, worse than having the vital fluid abstracted. Beware of them. BRANDRETH'S PILLS take hold of those matters which the body, when sick, wants to evacuate. They are solely an assistant of nature—nothing more, nothing less. They do not force; they merely assist; and herein is their great value. The man is thrice blessed who is so fortunate as to be acquainted with this good and almost perfect gift to man, because he has, to a great extent, his body insured in health by their occasional use.

Mr. J. C. Rappelyea, of Monmouth county, N. J., writes, March 19, 1859: "I was troubled in January last with constiveness for several days, and took ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I took cold, I suppose; at any rate, a severe diarrhoea set in, which my medical attendant found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by dysentery. My strength was all gone. Everything passed through me as I took it. A friend from New York, Mr. George Lewis, fortunately called on me, and advised BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I thought, in my weak condition, one pill would be enough, but he administered four, and the next morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and to my surprise the soreness and pain diminished. One box cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite."

Dr. James Lull, of Potsdam, N. Y., writes, Aug. 11, 1859: "I met with a man three weeks ago in Canada, who had slightly injured his finger two or three days before, which caused immediate pain, swelling and violent fever. When I saw him the pain and swelling had extended to his shoulder, depriving him of rest or sleep. The hand was turning dark-colored, and on the point of mortification. His doctor was ignorant of the nature of his case. I got there at evening, and during the night I gave him a whole box of pills, applied a yeast poultice, and saved his life." Mr. A. Ross, of Madrid, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., writes, Aug. 22, 1859: "I can honestly and confidently recommend BRANDRETH'S PILLS to the favorable notice of the public as the best medicine I have ever dealt in during my thirteen years' experience in the sale of medicines, having prescribed them in hundreds of cases of almost every form of disease, with the happiest results, and I honestly believe they are the best medicine, as a universal remedy, that the world has yet produced."

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All the ingredients of BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purgative, and act in conjunction to open, detach, dissolve, cleanse, cool, heal, and so carry out of the body whatever injures it. By being digested like the food, they enter into and mix with the blood to search out and remove all bad humors. They dissolve all unnatural collections, cleanse the blood, and cure tubercles, ulcers, &c., let them be in what part of the system they may. They have no part of the body. They carry away nothing that is good. They only remove what is bad. They assist nature, agree with it, act with it, and always do their work well. Their use has saved many a valuable life.

Sold at the Principal Office, No. 294 Canal Street, New York, price 25 cents a box, and by all Druggists. 209

Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!
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Elegant! Elegant! Elegant!

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THE BEAU IDEAL OF THE TOILET.

A perfect gem for Ladies' and Children's use. A first-class article for the Beauty, Fashion and Respectability. Imparts to the Hair a silky gloss and softness. As you dress the Hair so it remains. The best preparation for the Hair in the world. Two boxes sent to any address for \$1. 204-216 MRS. ISABEL SCUDLAP, 23 Ann Street, N. Y.

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THE new French Perfume, unsurpassed in fragrance, at E. DUPUY'S Family Drug Store, 69 Broadway.

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ARE the only universal medicine of the present day. The sun never sets upon the scenes of its beneficial influence. In lands both civilized and savage, it is the medicine of the million for all the internal complaints of the human frame. Sold at the mass factory, No. 50 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 25 cts., 68 cts., and \$1 per box or pot.

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BRONCHITIS, BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, CHRONIC COUGH, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, COLDS, ASTHMA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND AIR PASSAGES.

This admirable preparation possesses all the medicinal properties so long sought for by the profession in the treatment of pulmonary disease, in a highly concentrated form. It is the discovery of an eminent French physician and chemist, who, after many years' patient research, has succeeded in producing a remedy more agreeable and effective than any yet offered to the public in this country. This volatile preparation will reinvigorate the entire system, and restore the healthy functions to all the organs of the body. It has proved itself to be the only remedy known that can arrest the development of tubercles in the lungs, or restore the vital functions of those organs to their normal condition. A beneficial result is immediately experienced by its use, and the patient feels and realizes an improvement after the first dose. It can be administered to the most delicate and feeble with perfect safety and certain relief. The testimonials of its efficacy include the names of eminent Physicians, Chemists and respectable citizens. Dr. A. A. HAYES, the eminent Massachusetts State Assayer, says: "This preparation, by chemical analysis, was proved to be free from Opium or any of its compounds; nor were any of the alkaloids present. It does not contain any mercurial or mineral substance, but consists wholly of volatile, diffusible agents, which afford vapors freely at a moderate temperature. Most of the same agents present are officinally used in alleviating pulmonary disease, but the difference by which they are combined is new and original, and adapts the compound to inhalation or other modes of administration."

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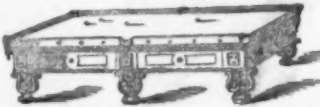
A FLOWING, soft, luxuriant head of hair is considered the crowning glory of either sex, but particularly of woman. JULES HAUL'S HAIR RESTORATIVE HAIR RESTORER will produce this, even where baldness has existed from age or disease. It also restores the hair to its original life color, black, brown or auburn, and yet it is not a dye. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULES HAUL & Co., No. 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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TIFFANY, YOUNG & MALL. Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Rosalind articles of Art and Luxury. No. 540 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HOUSES IN PARIS, TIFFANY, BOND & CO.

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Which for beauty and simplicity of construction, and efficiency in working, are unequalled by any. 500 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 204-216

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Lemon, Orange, Ginger, Neotarine, Peach, Celery, Vanilla, Almond, Rose, Cloves, Nutmeg, Cinnamon.

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Custards, Pies, Blanc Mange, Ice Creams, Jellies, Soups, Gravies, Sauces, &c. &c.

The superiority of these Extracts consists in their Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

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Important to Billiard Saloon Proprietors.

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COMPRESSED IVORY BILLIARD BALLS.

Have now been in use nearly five years. They are warranted not to get out of round, will never wear, retooling, will not chip, and are considered much superior to any others made. Assorted sizes only \$6 per set; 15 Ball Pool, \$25 per set; 2 inch Bagatelle Balls, \$6 per set, forwarded to any part of the United States and Canada on receipt of the money. Ivory Balls of all sizes. 205-12 WILLIAM M. WELLING, 430 Broome St., N. Y.

260 How to Live Cheap. 260

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TEAS, WINES, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

of all kinds, at the immense establishment of

THOMAS R. AGNEW,

260 Greenwich Street, corner of Murray. Having just added

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to his former premises, each of which would alone be a greater extent than any other house in the same line in the city; he has now accommodations for doing an immense trade; and, being a wholesale and retail dealer, he is enabled to fix his prices at a remarkably low rate. 201-213

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RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

SIX FOR \$9; OR \$1 60 EACH.

READY MADE, ALL SIZES, IN CUSTOM STYLE OR ORDER.

MADE OF BEST YORK MILLS MUSLIN AND FINE LINEN,

AND WARRANTED AS GOOD A SHIRT AS SOLD IN RETAIL STORES AT \$2 50 EACH.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE, \$2 EACH.

500 DOZEN ENGLISH SILK SCARFS, \$1 50.

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BEST THREE-PLY LINEN COLLARS,

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SHIRT PATTERNS, CUT TO FIT, AT 50 CENTS.

P. S.—Those who think I cannot make a good shirt for \$1 50 per dozen are mistaken. Here is the cost of one dozen \$1 50 fine shirts

30 yards of York Mills muslin, at 14½ cts. per yard.....\$4 35
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Making and cutting.....6 00
Laundry, \$1; buttons and cotton, 50 cts.....1 50
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Total.....\$18 00

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Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the express company on receipt of goods.

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What a Lovely Girl that is!—Oh, she uses DR. BOSWELL'S BEAUTIFIER, which removes all Pimples, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan. Who couldn't have a beautiful complexion, who has 50 cents to send for a box. By mail, 50 cents.

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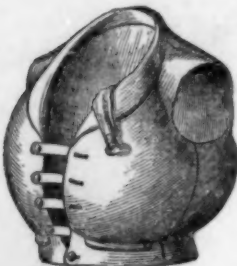
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Vest not inflated.



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"I am, Gentlemen,
"Your well-wisher,
"Captain L. B. THOMSEN."

208-110

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THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME, AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH, HAVE WON THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AT THE FAIR OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE STATE FAIRS OF MAINE, VERMONT, CONNECTICUT, NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, MISSISSIPPI, MISSOURI, OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, KENTUCKY, MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, CALIFORNIA, AND

AT THE FAIRS OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION, BOSTON, FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE, METROPOLITAN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION, CINCINNATI, KENTUCKY INSTITUTE, LOUISVILLE, MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, ST. LOUIS, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO, AND AT HUNDREDS OF COUNTY FAIRS.

The Lock Stitch made by this Machine is the only stitch that cannot be unravelled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.

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The Drugs
COMMONLY administered to Fever and Ague patients are generally ruinous to the system, instead of curative and strengthening; yet the nostrums devised by self-sufficient old women are not much better. Something is needed which shall be the product of profound skill in the healing art, yet beyond the ordinary routine of the profession. This desideratum is supplied by the distinguished DR. J. HOSIETTER, whose bitters take rank among the most powerful medicines ever devised. Its effects are speedy and certain. Even the most settled cases of the disease yield to the tonic properties of the Bitters.

For sale by Druggists and dealers generally, everywhere. Principal Agency in New York, 13 and 15 Park Row.

Forty Dollars per Month.
500 AGENTS WANTED, to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated patent Fifteen Dollar Sewing Machine. Salary \$40 per month, with all expenses paid.

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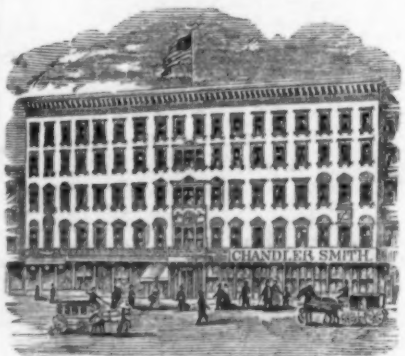
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